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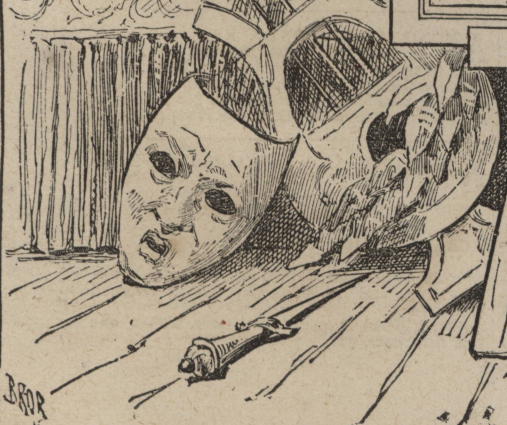
ILLUSTRATED

RAMBLER,

AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY.



Kate Claxton.



New York, Saturday, July 26, 1879.

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The figure following the name of the play denotes the number of Acts. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. male; F. female.

No.		M.	F.
158	School comedy, 4 acts.....	6	6
7	Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1 act.....	7	5
37	Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
35	Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
48	Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.....	7	2
6	Six months ago, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1
10	Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act.....	1	1
26	Society, comedy, 3 acts.....	16	5
78	Special Performances, farce, 1 act.....	7	3
31	Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.....	3	3
160	Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	2
120	Tempest in a Tea-Pot, comedy, 1 act.....	2	1
146	There's no smoke Without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	2
83	Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.....	6	1
42	Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3
127	Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue.....	7	6
133	Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 7 acts.....	4	2
153	'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce 1 act.....	2	1
134	Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
20	Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.....	5	3
108	Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.....	4	2
26	Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.....	6	3
56	Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.....	3	3
421	Two Polts, farce, one act.....	4	4
138	Twin Sisters (The) comic operetta, 1 act.....	3	1
162	Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1
106	Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.....	6	2
84	Van Dyke Brown, farce, 1 act.....	3	3
124	Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.....	6	6
91	Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.....	7	2
118	Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.....	3	3
44	War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	4
105	Which of the Two, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	10
98	Who is Who? farce, 1 act.....	3	2
12	Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	4
5	William Tell, with a vengeance, burlesque.....	8	2

[List will be continued in our next.]

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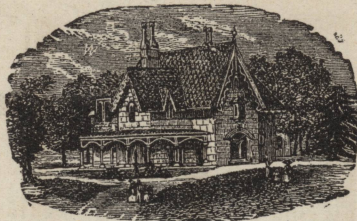
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JAY GOULD.

Jay Gould was born in Hingham, Mass., in the year 1830. He was the third son of Phineas and Rebecca Gould, who were distantly connected with the Goulds of Litchfield, Conn.; a family illustrated by the conspicuous name of Judge Gould of the Litchfield Law School, the author of the most philosophical treatise on Legal Pleading in the English language, and the father of Charles Gould, one of the most talented and unscrupulous of that famous class of Wall street brokers and operators whose history opened with the Josephs and closed with Anthony Morse. Jay was baptized at home, his father not being a church member, and as his mother desired that he should be enrolled at an early age among the children of the church, the clergyman attended at the house for that purpose.

The early life of Jay Gould was passed like that of other Massachusetts boys in the country, whose parents are in the middle class of citizens. All country boys go fishing, or blackberrying, and they also steal apples whenever and wherever it suits them; for a theft of apples in a land of orchards is a venial offense. It does not disqualify a lad from getting good marks in a New England school that his pockets are full of apples that were growing last night in Deacon Smith's orchard. Jay early learned to be forgetful of the radical distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, and this species of *non mi ricordo* has been money in his pocket ever since.

He was distinguished among his school-fellows for craft and ingenuity; of which the good memory of one of them to whom we are indebted for some facts in this article enables us to mention an example. All boys covet spy-glasses or pocket-telescopes. They are costly and uncommon, and a boy who owns a good spy-glass is an envied boy. Jay had no spy-glass; but the fact that he was short of pocket-telescopes did not prevent him at the age of nine years from entering the market as a seller. He took a piece of quill and inserted it into one end of a spool; this spool he glued to the end of a still larger spool, this congeries of spools and quill he attached to a bobbin that had floated down the river from a cotton factory. The entire machine, now about a foot long, he then painted in bright colors in the privacy of his father's cellar. He then caused the report to be circulated that he owned a superior spy-glass direct from Boston, by which a boy could see a dog a mile

off, or a fish at the bottom of the river. There was a boy, the son of rich parents, whose grounds joined those of the Gould family at the end of the garden walk. This boy's parents had given him money in anticipation of the Fourth of July, and he had been heard to say that he would like to buy a five dollar spy-glass for two dollars and a half. Across the fence, between him and Jay, one word led to another, until Jay announced that a sudden pressure for money would compel him to part with a superior spy-glass. But as his father did not want him to sell it, he could not bring it out of the house. He would, however, exhibit it from a rear window, and then if it was wanted at two dollars and a half, he would receive the money and deposit the instrument under a rose-bush near the corner of the house, and the purchaser could accidentally come in the garden and pick it up. The instrument was shown from the window; the money was paid to Jay through the garden palings; the deposit under the rose bush was duly made, and Jay Gould was then confined to his room for several days with an attack of weak eyes, which prevented him from seeing anybody. No redress could be had by the buyer, because no false representations had been made. It was certainly a spy-glass that had been sold, and the absence of lenses in the instrument did not vitiate the sale. The parties were minors, and incapable of making a contract at any rate. And the long and short was that Jay did not refund the money and never will refund it.

After leaving school and passing various clerkships in Boston, we find Jay Gould in 1852 a partner of Charles M. Leupp a Leather Merchant of Ferry street, New York City, and a somewhat noted and distinguished man. Mr. Leupp was fond of art and a patron of artists, he entertained with profusion men who were not in a position to return his hospitality; and it was said that the hazardous nature of the operations into which his youthful partner drew him caused him to resort to various distractions to dispel his anxiety. After about two years of this partnership, Mr. Leupp was found dead in his sleeping apartment. Some people said apoplexy; others hinted suicide. It is quite well known that Gould, his partner, killed him, but not in the way of homicide. A proud, sensitive man can be done to death by other means than axe, cord or poison; or as the country people tersely express it, "There are plenty of ways of killing a dog besides choking him to death with butter."

For about seven years an interregnum occurs in the annals of the subject of this article. But in 1863 he came to the front. It was in that year that all merchandise and incorporated stocks in the United States more than doubled in price. Rio Coffee advanced from twelve cents to forty; printing paper from nine cents to thirty; cotton from fifteen cents to a dollar and a half, fleece wool from forty cents to a dollar and a quarter. Jay Gould had about fifty thousand dollars, wherever he got it. He bought right and left and made rapid turns. Every transaction prospered, for the market continually rose. Chance threw him into contact with Fisk; and each one per-

ceived in the other the man that could supply what he himself lacked.

Fisk, as a natural product of circumstances, has never been properly studied. This is not the time or place for an analysis of the life and career of this man, who in his day and generation was so influential; who was so strong and yet so weak; who knew so much and yet knew so little, and whose taking off was so lamely punished. But Jay Gould had no sooner seen Fisk than Jay Gould felt that he wanted him; and Fisk also felt that he wanted Jay Gould. They coalesced like oxygen and hydrogen to form water; and like those gases, the one in larger volume and the other with greater pungency and assertion.

In their raid upon the Erie Railroad they were to a certain extent sustained by the selfishness of the stockholders who saw their stock footballed from four to eighty, and by the alarm that was excited when it was seen that Vanderbilt was aiming to grasp the control of the road. The stockholders did not love Fisk & Gould, but they much more did not love Vanderbilt; and when Fisk & Gould supplied Vanderbilt's brokers with fifteen millions more stock "than there was," and fled to Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, with the proceeds in actual lawful money, and there defied the service of summons, public sympathy was to a certain extent with them. No one knew then, or ever has known, or ever will know, how much of this money these two men kept. The Book-keepers of the Railway were their pliant creatures, and buried hugger-mugger in the Books just such figures as Fisk & Gould chose to give them. When the excitement cooled and they returned to New York each was more than a millionaire, in money in Bank, subject to check.

Year after year, occupying high places in the Direction, they plundered the Erie Railroad. Fisk spent a large part of his plunder, and wasted a larger part of it in speculations upon a falling market. When cotton fell to fifty cents he bought immensely, but it fell to thirty on its way to twelve. He furnished forth Opera Bouffe at the Grand Opera House with a profuse richness never equalled by a Government, even in Egypt. We reflect with melancholy that we shall never see the "Brigands" again put upon the stage as Fisk put it on. His money flowed away from him in streams, but he paid no attention to it, so long as it brought him a jest in broken English from the lips of the dissolute but attractive "Silly," or a smile from the sleek and heartless Montaland. But during this period Jay Gould went on hiving and hiving. His aim, at first a million, soon became five millions, and then twenty, as it is to-day a hundred millions. No one who watched him then, as we watched him, can ever forget this small, black-haired, black-bearded, wiry, stealthy man, who occasionally stepped into the proscenium box at the Grand Opera House, and appeared hardly settled before he was off again. At that time, as since, this man's life was shy, fugacious, now here, now there, like that of a pickerel in the autumn, darting in and out under cover of a pond lily leaf.

In the scheme of the Union Pacific Road, the most colossal swindle of modern times, Jay Gould

was not merely a participant; he at once after entering the ring, composed mainly of T. C. Durant, Fisk, Ames, McComb, and himself, became the leader of the enterprise. To perfect the plan, the Credit Mobilier was organized, and immense streams of the floating capital of the community were tumbled into the channels that led to the coffers of these men. The bonds of the United States voted to the company by a venal Congress more than paid for building the road, section by section; after that three distinct sources of profit, each one a swindle, were in the hands of the conspirators, namely, first, the first mortgage bonds of the road; second, the lands lavishly bestowed upon it by Congress; third, the stock itself. The stock was an after thought. At first it was considered almost worthless, and while he was sedulously encouraging this idea among his associates, Gould possessed himself of a large number of shares originally belonging to them at an average price of ten per cent. At the proper time he advanced the price to about seventy, and it has not materially varied from that figure during several years. It was out of the sudden appreciation of the market price of this swindled stock that Gould was able to repay to the plundered Erie Railway the nine millions of loot which an arbitration committee adjudged him liable to refund.

Since the Erie road passed out of the hands of the direction of which Gould and Fisk were the head and hands; and since the Union Pacific road became the reaped stubble field that it is to-day and has been since 1870, Jay Gould has confined his operations to speculations, *incognito*, through brokers, rarely appearing in Wall street and not being a partner in any stock-house. The firm of Smith, Gould & Martin has long ceased to exist. As an employer of brokers he has this reputation, that his word is worthless and that his signature is good for all it engages. His verbal engagements on Black Friday were enormous, and if lived up to would have been ruinous, but he repudiated all of them. That he ruined his broker, Speyers, then, and his broker, Mills, later, made no difference to this selfish and heartless man, who in his boyish days sold a nest of glued spools for a spy-glass. Had his signature accompanied the orders which he gave to these too confiding men, he would have sold the diamond studs from his shirt-front rather than not honor it; of such composite stuff is made this bogus Cæsar of the stock market.

Shall we describe the personal appearance of this singular creation of the Great Artificer of men and vermin? Why not? Were it not for the gossiping and idiomatic Suetonius, how imperfect would be our knowledge of the Twelve Cæsars. We have a precedent for this style of biography. Jay Gould is to-day much the same man that he was three years ago, when an angry dupe seized him at the corner of Broad street and Exchange Place and dropped him over an iron railing into the area under the windows of a barber's shop. He is five feet six inches high, has a moderately low forehead, a small, long head, a moderate crop of grizzled hair hesitating between black and gray, a thick moustache and grizzled beard hiding a mean and cruel mouth. He is not a handsome man and never was a handsome man.

Socially, he has no standing or position whatever. He is an Ishmaelite and knows it. As

was said of the Duke of Grafton, the style of his amours has always protected him from resistance; there are certain smiles that are invariably venal, and it is such men as Jay Gould that buy them. Unlike his associate, Fisk, his motto has generally been "*si non caste, tamen caute*." But an evil name has attached to him throughout.

There is nothing pleasant or fascinating about this man. The gleams of imagination that made Jim Fisk at times a pleasant companion, and always in court an amusing witness, are wholly wanting in Jay Gould. Dull, saturnine, even gloomy, he inspires no feeling but aversion at his first appearance in any society. His manners are awkward; even his breath is described as pestilential.

From the upper story of his house on Fifth avenue, near the Windsor Hotel, telegraph wires connect his study or office with the offices of his brokers. As he shrouds his transactions in mystery until they are accomplished, the general telegraph operators get almost none of his business, not even in cipher. From ten in the morning until three in the afternoon a steady stream of messages runs to and fro on the wires, and during this time Gould himself is incessantly figuring, calculating, consulting records of previous transactions, constantly pulling his beard and biting the ends of his moustache with anxiety. It is this anxiety that embitters his life, turns his complexion sallow and even ashy; disturbs his stomach, and keeps him meagre, almost emaciated. Mentally, morally and physically, no more craven coward exists, upon the planet, than Jay Gould. He lives in constant terror of reverses; his sleep is disturbed; there is not to-day any more lonely, unhappy, vision-haunted, panic-stricken wretch on his way to suicide from a tenebrous garret, than Jay Gould.

Some few years ago, with a view of controlling public opinion, or at least of diverting it in his favor to some extent, this man bought the majority of stock in a daily journal (of New York) together with an editor, Whitelaw Reid. But mention of this part of his transactions, as well as of Reid himself, we must defer till the next issue of the RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY.

HARROWING DETAILS OF PRIVATE LIFE.



Witness, and other such solidities. There was an industrious neighbor of his whom he often solicited to be a borrower on call, but the industrious neighbor declined, until one day—it was a Thursday—he said, "Well, I could use five thousand dollars profitably in buying stock in the RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY, and I will take it of you and secure you with Government fours." This was agreed to, and the money was lent on Saturday afternoon after bank hours; but what was the borrower's sur-

prise and horror when the loan was called in next Monday before 10 o'clock and three days' interest charged?

It was shortly before the Fourth of July that a tall benevolent looking stranger lounged dreamily over from the Jersey shore to the New York side via Cortlandt street, and taking position on the corner of Dey and Church streets, near the RAMBLER office, waited to have his boots blacked. A dozen "shine-em-ups" quickly surrounded him, and his foot went up on the box of one of the boys. The foot had much the shape and appearance of a medium-size sole leather trunk. The boy sighed as he looked it over, but finally began the cleaning and polishing process. While this was going on the benevolent stranger said:

"Sonny, do you support an aged mother?"

"No, boss; I hain't got no parents."

"Ah! very sad. Now, if a kind gentleman should give you a dollar, what would you do with it?"

"Well, boss, I'd give half to this here Newsboys' Lodging House, and the other half I'd put into fireworks agin the Fourth, you bet."

"Ah, indeed!" said the stranger, somewhat regretfully, as though the scheme failed to please him. When his boots were done—and it took a long time—he handed the boy a nickel, and went musingly on toward Broadway.

The boy hesitated, looked severely at the nickel, then at the fast disappearing stranger, and finally ran after him. Overtaking him near the Western Union Telegraph building, he said, "Ain't I going to get that dollar?" "Not unless you earn it." "Well, I'll tell you what it is; since I seen you before I've changed my mind as to how I should spend that dollar."

"How would you lay it out?"

"Why, I would hire a carpenter to trim those feet of yours down so that they would go into number fourteen boots, and not ruin a poor boy that has to black 'em for five cents with blacking that costs sixpence a box, and a box won't go half way round."

And the small boy vanished in the crowd.

I saw a lovely being the other evening. She was, of course of the feminine persuasion. Her dress was perfection, and her step that of the true goddess. She swept superbly to a table, and sitting down observed—"Good gracious, I'm in a wringing perspiration!"

Savin was recalled by telegraph to act as counsel at the General Sessions for the Chastened Fighting Cocks. His theory of the case, in which Pidgeon followed him afar off, admirably, was, that the deceased party died of lobster salad and Capuziner Bier, after having twice encored the Turkish Reveille at Koster & Bial's. Savin's first witness was Dr. Buchu, and he asked the following questions:

"Doctor, you are a practicing physician, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"In the course of your practice you have become familiar with the various phenomena of the Calcaneo astragoloid interosseous ligaments?"

"I should say so."

"Then, Doctor, state what would be the result if a fleshy lady, averaging sixty-six, or thirty-two, or forty next Christmas, or thereabouts, should partake of a hearty supper of German pancake, Maine crullers, (half pork fat and half saleratus), cucumbers, Delaware wind-fall peaches, Thurber's canned tomatoes, a bottle of the Clysmic water from the Waukesha spring, with corn-bread from an Ann street hash-shop, and should then go to bed without reading the RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY, thus hermetically sealing up all the avenues of useful and agreeable knowledge, and then suppose in the middle of the night or about three o'clock in the morning, she should wake up and see in the gloom of the early dawn Professor Potter, of Rochester, discovering a new asteroid, and sending an account of it to the New York *Herald*—would the coroner be justified in laying her in ice prior to four o'clock, P. M. next day; and if thoroughly dissected at a *post-mortem*, would she be a good subject on which to issue a life-insurance policy; and if not, what has the prisoner got to do with it? Which is it?"

"I should say so by all means," replied the witness.

Yet in spite of this overwhelming evidence for the defence, the jury found the prisoner guilty. As a matter of right, however, any person convicted of murder at General Sessions is entitled to a stay of proceedings for six years, half the time in New York and half the time at Saratoga or "the Branch."

One of the most genial and most thoroughly educated gentlemen I ever knew was the late P——of the Hartford County Bar. He once said to me, "I never had but three female clients; the first wanted to get married, the second wanted to get divorced, and the third didn't know what she wanted."

I knew a young lady who was in the habit of frequently saying that a true heart could love but once. After she married she was often heard to say that a true heart could love but once. She married again, and was heard to remark that while a true heart could love but once, the object might be changed—in fact, to almost any extent.

I aid in keeping green the memory of the late lamented Oliver Charlick, once President of the Long Island railroad, on which a car never ran ten miles an hour but once, and then it ran backwards down hill.

A man once came to the office of the railroad to collect a bill for some steers which a locomotive in one of its diagonal trips across country had accidentally slaughtered. The President was out. "Did Mr. Charlick say he would pay the bill?" inquired the book-keeper. "He didn't say anything about that," said the farmer. "H'm," replied the book-keeper, musingly, "that makes it more doubtful. Now, if he had said he would pay it, I couldn't say whether he would or not; but if he had said he wouldn't pay it, you could bet your bottom dollar he would keep his word."

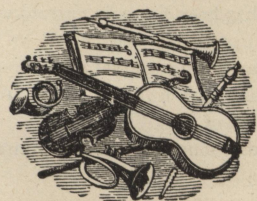
In looking through a New England factory town, one is amused to hear such remarks as this: "That, now, is a pretty girl coming down the street; I wonder what mill she works in."

Petroleum Nasby not only writes his own plays, but also the newspaper criticisms on them. He writes the plays on tracing paper, holding up Joe Miller, St. Elmo, Dion Boucicault, and the Bedott papers to the window as the case may be; but the criticisms he evolves from the depths of his own consciousness; and especially he invents his audiences.

At Koster & Bials, the orchestra does the overture to Semiramis much better than you would think thirty musicians could perform a composition that was intended to be performed by sixty; but the effect is marred by knots of people here and there who will insist on loudly chattering Elsassian French, or Alsatian German.

J. NEGROPONTE.

SHARPS AND FLATS.



The Mastodon Minstrels are said to clear \$3,000 a week for Manager Haverly.

Oxford, England, University has made Mr. Arthur Sullivan a Bachelor of Music.

Easton, Md., has a new Opera House, which was dedicated on Tuesday with a concert.

Maurel, the well-known baritone, has just been engaged at the Paris Grand Opera House for three years.

Manager J. H. Haverly says he is determined to own an Opera House in Boston, even if he has to build it.

The director of the Paris Grand Opera has engaged Mme. Hamann for three years. She is one of the most promising graduates of the Paris Conservatory.

Mr. Harvey B. Dodworth has concluded to abandon the conducting of theatrical orchestras, and will henceforth devote his time exclusively to the interest of his brass bands.

Mme. Adelina Patti is quite willing to come to America, providing any manager will make it an object. She wants an immense sum of money for coming, and desires that the most of it should be deposited in a bank in Europe previous to her departure.

It is said that ninety musical and dramatic combinations are being formed in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia for the purpose of taking the road next season although the threatened refusal of the railway managers to give the usual reduced terms may break up some of the companies.

A letter from Henry Jarrett to a friend in New York says that Mapleson has lost every penny of the \$20,000 he cleared in America by his season of Opera in London. Jarrett is the great operatic wire-puller of Europe. He works the press of London, and gene-

rally manipulates things for a singer, for which he receives ten per cent of her salary. Jarrett occupies a peculiar position, and, fortunately, there will be no one to take his place when he dies. His trade dies with him. Very few singers dare to brave him, and refuse the extorted ten per cent, and upon these few he pours the vials of his wrath. His way of doing business is well known in London and every once in a while there is an outcry against it by some weekly paper that is not in his ring, but it is hushed up as quickly as possible, and the people who could prevent the Jarrett tax shut their ears to the cry.

Mlle. Celine Montaland, formerly one of New York's Opera Bouffe favorites is to appear in a regular dramatic work. She has presumably lost her singing voice.

Australia has thus far not had "Pinafore" entire, but has heard selections from it by the Kelly and Leon Minstrels, and a queer version of it by the Lingard company.

A Wiesbaden hotel keeper has recently been paying delicate attentions to the Abbe Liszt. He was so considerate as to place a piano-forte in the musician's bath-room.

The Philharmonic Society just organized in Chicago is avowedly "for the advancement of Art, and not in the interest of any one person, nor for personal nor financial gain." A good platform. Stick to it.

The honors of the recent concert of the London Training School for Music were carried off by Master D'Albert, who is only fifteen years old, and is a son of a former ballet master at Her Majesty's Theatre. His excellence is both as a pianist and as a composer.

Manager Haverly is apparently not satisfied with his ventures in the dramatic, operatic and minstrel fields. He proposes to organize a concert company to include Wilhelmj, Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Mme. Rive-King, and other artists. He may do so, although Miss Cary is engaged with Mapleson, beginning in November, and Mr. Haverly is too politic a manager to publish his plans ere his engagements are fixed.

Eichberg's celebrated comic opera "The Doctor of Alcantara" will soon be issued in a cheap form, so that hundreds of amateur musical societies will be enabled to add it to their repertory. It will alternate with "Pinafore" most agreeably.

There was a hand organ grinding forth the "Maiden fair to see." Then there came a heavy dash of rain, and then the organ stopped. It was a very simple matter, but it is beautiful to think of. And people who think we have had too much rain in the past month, are trying to look more hopefully on the subject.

STAGE NOTES.

On Monday evening, the 14th inst., Miss Rosa McGeachy began a short engagement at Madison Square Garden, and the management can be congratulated upon the accession.

Miss McGeachy is not a stranger to the Garden, having sung here three seasons ago under the Gilmore regime, and contemporaneous with Pappenheim, Di Murska, Thursby, and other illustrious *prime donne*. Her subsequent appearance at Steinway and Chickering Halls, this city; Baltimore Academy of Music, Philadelphia Centennial Building, and elsewhere, have been noted musical events. Her voice is remarkable for its great compass and cultivation, and her *repertoire* is extensive and popular.

Mr. E. H. Gilmore, the originator of the Juvenile Pinafore Companies starts out August 28th, with a company far superior to any heretofore placed upon the road. That date will find him at Detroit, after which he will cover all of the important cities in the West and South-west, following the route laid out for him by his agent, Alexander Brown. The company stands as follows:

Josephine.....	Miss Vic. Reynolds, aged 15
Buttercup.....	Miss S. Rathbone, " 22
Hebe.....	Miss Alice Cook, " 13
Sir Joseph Porter.....	Master Clark, " 15
Ralph Rackstraw.....	Miss Madden, " 15
Captain Corcoran.....	Master Clendenning, " 15
Boatswain.....	Master Deutschman, " 14
Deadeye.....	Master Williams, " 14
Sergeant of Marines.....	Master Wilson, " 15
Midshipman.....	Effie Bartlett, " 5

With a full chorus and Marine guard.

The children are trained under the musical direction of Mr. C. Florio, and Mr. C. E. McGeachy, will act as business agent.

Manager J. P. Evans, of the Tremont Opera House, Galveston, has been in the city for several weeks, making arrangements for the coming season. In connection with his own house, Mr. Evans is the agent for the Lone Star Circuit, which includes the following houses:

Tremont Opera House, Galveston; seating capacity, 1,400.
San Antonio Casino Hall, seating 600.
Pillot's Opera House, Houston, capacity 700.
Opera House, Brenham 700.
Millet's Opera House, Austin, 1300. And the
Opera House, Dallas. 500.

For these the time is nearly filled with first-class combinations only.

London gossip has it that Miss Genevieve Ward has leased the Lyceum Theatre for one month, beginning August 20, for the purpose of producing a new drama by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, Miss

Ward will attempt a double rôle, which is well adapted to her style. It is also stated that Mr. Got, the doyen of the Comedie Francaise, has requested Miss Ward to join the society and take Mme. Favort's place, as she is about to retire.

It is to be regretted that our American celebrities who travel abroad should place themselves in the hands of unscrupulous agents, who, for the sake of a few dollars, place them in the most humiliating positions. The latest and most glaring of these mistakes has been made by Dr. Talmage, whose agent, being applied to by a small town for a lecture, made the following reply: "I have upward of one thousand letters, all wanting Dr. Talmage to lecture for them. Some contain fabulous offers. Now, there is but one way of getting the Doctor. If your society can afford to pay what larger places offer I may be able to drop out a larger place and give you a date in July. The lowest terms I care to take are £100. I know it is a big price, but Dr. Talmage is a great man, etc." The London *Truth* comments upon this as follows: "This may be legitimate in the eyes of a New York 'Christian,' but it hardly looks like 'good faith' to 'drop out' the large places in the manner proposed. Perhaps, however, the frantic applicants only exist in the imagination of the agent."

The following extract taken from the last edition of the London *Truth* exhibits the manner in which the community at large are worked upon by the Catholic Church: "The introduction of the dove, which perched at the elevation on a gilded eagle, at St. Augustine mass for the Prince Imperial, was clever, and proved a hit. The bird, which is tame, and had three days' lessons, was attracted to the eagle by grain thrown on its back. It looked charming, gyrating above the incense."

VARIETY NOTES.

Louise Montague, a decidedly good vocalist, with a pretty face and good figure, is engaged as *Josephine* in the burlesque at Minor's Theatre. It is a little astonishing that so good an artist should sing in variety halls, when there are so many chances in the legitimate theatres.

Miss Ada Whitman, formerly the *Buttercup* of Spiller's combination, goes with Maretzek next season.

Mr. W. Emmett, of the Academy of Music, Chicago, is in town engaging a full variety company for the season.

Harry Richmond and Ackland Von Voyle go out in September with a travelling company.

Cordello and Victorelli, gymnasts, have signed an engagement with Charini, the great circus manager, for one year's tour through South America and Australia.

The variety prospect for next season is better than has ever been known before.

Sig. Constantine will manage the Cincinnati Coliseum for Fitz Buchnam during the coming season, and is now in town engaging his talent.

The old Metropolitan, now the Olympic, of Chicago, will be opened August 30th by Messrs. Mitchell & Sprague, with James Barnes, formerly the dramatic agent in this city, as stage manager. They will have a full variety company, and during the season will play combinations and sensational stars.

W. H. Smith has formed an alliance with W. C. Mitchell, proprietor of the St. Louis Comique for the coming season. They will open September 14th, with straight variety, Mr. Harry Phillips acting as their stage manager. Both of these gentlemen are now in town, and can be found at J. Alex. Brown's Dramatic Agency, where they are collecting a first-class variety company.

Mande Sheppard, balladist, is resting for a few weeks.

The following song has been contributed to the RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY by Mr. Charles H. Duncan, the composer, previous to his introducing it in his famous Variety repertoire:

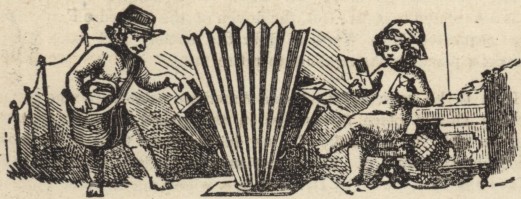
PRAY DON'T FORGET A FRIEND.

All through this world are many things which puzzle and perplex,
And many of us find in life occurrences that vex;
The high, the low, the rich, the poor, meet equal at the end,
Though some may sneer and put on airs with what "good luck"
may send;
Yet he who takes us by the hand and wishes us success,
We'll not forget in future though his fortune may grow less;
Then try to cheer him, aid him, upward, onward to the end,
For should reverses come to us we'll not forget a friend.

CHORUS.

Oh, don't forget a friend,
Pray don't forget a friend;
There's nothing half so precious as
A "good old trusty friend."

The drunkard whom you pass with scorn was once respected, too,
And when a child, a mother's love had he as well as you,
When money filled his pockets he was hail good fellow then,
But now that all his cash is gone forgotten by most men;
Let this a lesson be to you, be "temperate in all things,"
And give your fellow man a lift whose'er misfortune brings,
You cannot tell from day to day what others they may send,
Let this your motto be through life, do not forget a friend.



CORRESPONDENCE.

[NOTICE.—Correspondents will please forward their letters to reach the editorial office of this paper before Saturday of each week. All letters should be addressed to Rambler and Dramatic Weekly, 37 Dey Street.]

PHILADELPHIA.

The man who has not as yet hurled anathemas against the "heated term," the "hot wave," or whatever else it may be called, deserves a premium, a great medal, as a reward for supernatural patience, and if Barnum—"The Great Barnum"—could spot him, you may be sure he would claim precedence over the elephant at the fall show, and there would be "millions in it." I am not that man, therefore the wonderful B. need not buzz in this direction.

We have had it not only oppressive, but correspondingly depressing, and, like the rest of mankind, I am willing to acknowledge these wasting July days, "dog days," or any other kind of days but human days. Here the state of broil has been great and tempers have waxed ireful. With the little strength that has been left to me by the too ardent embrace of Old Sol, I will scribble off a few lines.

We are not as lively here, theatrically, during the summer recess as you are in Gotham, where every one who either desires to act, or wants others to do the business for them, keep things animated. Our one dramatic agency is a purely local affair, and, therefore, there is no rush here of the dramatic world in quest of engagements. The great tide of mimic heroes and heroines sweeps toward New York, and the accepted belief is that there, and there only, can great and small stalk or creep into evidence before the foot-light, hushing the wondering world into silence—the fruit of admiration or disgust. How many there are who would act—how few there are who can act!

We expected the North Broad Street Theatre to reopen on Monday evening, but Manager Crossy's arrangements were not completed, and so the event was delayed until the 21st, when the initial performance of "Fatinitza" at this theatre will be given. Madam Elia Montejo and Miss Laura Joyce, will alternate in the role of *Vladimir*; Miss Louise Leighton appearing as the *Princess Lydia*. The wives of the *Pasha* are to be represented by Mrs. Adelaide Detton, (so favorably known to this public as *Hebe*), and Miss Hattie Arnold. The other two beauties of the harem will, it is thought, be named in a lady from Boston and a member of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church of this city. Other members of the "Pinafore" Company of this theatre are named in the cast.

Improvements have been progressing in the "North Broad." The walls have been heightened and ornamented, and when change is decided the roof can be raised. Steam fans, real and not mythical, have been introduced. A new curtain has been painted by George Heilge, and will replace the old eye-sore that formerly reigned. Without, fine large windows have been introduced and ornament. There is something said about the space between the seats having been widened.

"Fatinitza" is announced for an indefinite run, and it is more than probable that Suppe's charming opera will be seen and heard for some length of time.

Manager Crossy has struggled valiantly with this theatre, and has certainly brought it out a success. The greatest mistake made in the beginning, was the spending of too little money in putting the house in trim. There is nothing that so invites as that which pleases the eye, and as pretty a theatre as we have in Philadelphia, could be made of this same "North Broad." The attractions given there last season were excellent, and more than one pronounced success was scored. Witness "M'liss." Annie Risley came to us a stranger, and then won such popularity that she found herself at the Walnut before the close of the season, where she will, on the 25th of August, again court the attention of her patrons.

We thought the Walnut Street Theatre closed for the

summer, but, lo! a musical extravaganza entitled "Jumbles," is announced for the 28th. The company to appear in said "hash" is composed of Lizzie Harold, Venie Claney, I. M. Hunter, Harry Hunter, and a full male chorus. The season will be brief. "Jumbles" will be preceded by a new sketch, or comedieta, entitled "The Text."

Among the stars heralded at this theatre is Ada Cavenish, who will, I suppose, give us "Miss Gwilt." Fanny Davenport comes also, having vowed never again to go to "the Arch." Miss Davenport brings us, of course, her combination, which does not promise to be one of the best.

On the 29th of October the veteran actor James E. Murdoch, will appear at "the Walnut," and will assume the role of *Hamlet* and other characters. Fifty years ago Murdoch made his debut in this city, and therefore prefers to resume his profession here. He is an actor of the old school and will receive a warm greeting.

Mr. George K. Goodwin is passing the summer at Atlantic City, but is often seen in his office at the theatre, "which is the prettiest little parlor that any one can spy," crowded with objects of art, and manifold things of interest. Among the countless pictures that adorn the walls, some that are signed by Mrs. Goodwin can be found.

Mrs. John Drew and sweetly pretty Georgie Drew (Mrs. Barrymore) are among the sojourners at Atlantic City. And while silence hangs like a pall over the closed doors of the Arch, Charles A. Mendum has, we are told, departed for Europe in quest of attractions for the coming season. Mendum is one of the many who is announced as having gone to engage Salvini, but as the great Italian tragedian has signed an engagement with a foreign manager and begged to be excused, we judge Mr. Mendum will have to turn his attention elsewhere. Since Signor Salvini cannot come, how about Rossi, who has always wished to visit the "New World."

The Arch aspires to an engagement of the Vokes Family. A good thing truly for the exchequer, as they draw here like blisters. At this theatre we are to have McKee Rankin's "Danites" Combination, Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow," and F. C. Bangs as I have already stated. Mrs. Oates, the famed Alice, will favor the theatre the latter part of August. Of her company is Charles H. Drew, who has always been a favorite here.

Beyond the announcement that "The Banker's Daughter" comes to the Park, nothing seems clearly known.

At the Broad Street Theatre the fall and winter season will be inaugurated very early in September, and many and various are the attractions heralded by Managers Ford and Zimmerman. Among the stars named are Edwin Booth, Jefferson, Sothorn, Marezek's Grand English Opera Company, Professor Hermann, Eliza Weathersby's Froliques and Nat Goodwin, John Sleeper Clarke, Barney Macauley, Sullivan and Gilbert (with their new opera) and the Maurice Grau French Opera Troupe, including Capoul and Paola Marie.

We are also to have "Fatinitza," with Miss Blanche Chapman as *Vladimir* and Miss Belle McKenzie as the *Princess Lydia*, but few sane people credit the report. Very pretty Belle would do very well as one of the beauties of the Harem, but *Lydia* has singing to accomplish and requires more than an infantile voice to do justice to the same. During the Sullivan and Gilbert engagement Mr. Sullivan will conduct the orchestra, and many will enjoy seeing the composer of the deadly popular "Pinafore."

Mr. Fred Zimmerman, the most energetic theatrical manager is now sunning himself at Cape May. Mr. Charles K. Burns, the popular treasurer of the Broad Street Theatre, goes to and fro from Cape May to Philadelphia, and is now here, there. He is seen frequently at the Permanent Exhibition, where Ford and Zimmerman have been doing "H. M. S." sometimes with adult performers, but more frequently "Baby Pinafore" ruled.

At the Permanent Exhibition we have been having Mlle. Ilma di Murska and the Ladies' Berlin Orchestra, composed, by one half, of men performers. The combination plays admirably. The lady members are very clever. There is of course a lack of power, but they are finished tunists. Professor Bertha Eschert is heard to great advantage on the Xylophone.

Among the selections offered this week was a Grand Waltz, by Giorza, who has composed so many ballets—nearly eighty, and as many as three hundred compositions in all. He visited this country some seven years

ago, but few beyond those he claimed as friends knew how gifted a man stood among us. Like all musicians he was a queer sort of a body, brim-ful of music, nervous, sensitive and restless. Giorza is a little man and it was odd to see him seated in the stage box of a theatre with his decorations on his breast. He had a romantic story of his own that would make a most interesting novel. The last I heard of him he was in South America. He was married; not happy, in his Italian home, in his love, he is therefore a rover, settling nowhere. There was very much in Giorza's character that reminded me of the great Gottschalk whose compositions he dearly loved for their very quaintness.

Mlle Di Murska has been delighting all at the "Permanent" by her artistic singing, so finished and so phenomenal. It is a florid style, but she pleases and surprises although her voice is in no particular sympathetic.

Edgar Davenport, who played last season under the name of Frank Davis, will not accept an engagement this fall. He is suffering from a temporary weakness of the eyes and his physician will not permit him to risk the footlights. His first appearance was made at the Walnut in a small role in "The Exiles" and subsequently he travelled with Miss Fanny Davenport and made much progress.

The RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY now presents its welcome and familiar face on all our newstands, and is much inquired for. The onslaught on the Lotos Club in number 23 has occasioned a good deal of talk among our club people.

M. L. J.

BOSTON.

July 17. The extreme heat of the past week has made theatrical matters wane; in fact, we have only two theatres open—the Museum and Park. At the former, the children's "Pinafore" hold the boards. It is now in its third month and tenth week. The company is composed of Boston boys and girls, and we must say the performance is "greatly to their credit." At the Park, "Horrors" has drawn well. This is its second and last week. Next week, the new burlesque by Messrs. John J. McNally and Dexter Smith, entitled "Revels"—the opposite of "Horrors"—will take the boards. It is expected to make a good hit, as the local reputation of the authors is in its favor.

During the gale of the 16th, the new Park Garden was badly damaged, but the enterprising spirit of Manager Braham soon had it in working order; so the business was but slightly impaired.

At Forest Garden, Moffet's troupe (variety) opened the theatrical season. This resort has been liberally patronized since its opening.

The Oakland Garden is also offering special attractions to visitors, such as Magic Lantern Views and a new fire-work idea called "The Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius."

All the Gardens have bands connected with them, and give concerts each evening.

BALTIMORE.

ACADEMY.—On the 11th the Academy was crowded to its utmost capacity, to witness the production of "Pinafore," under the auspices of the Confederate Memorial Association. The chief attraction was Mr. John E. Owens as the *Admiral*. His conception of the role was altogether different from any one we have seen here. While it was refreshing to have some new business and jokes introduced, yet it was not entirely satisfactory, and many good points and "gags" introduced by Mr. Denham were lost.

NEW CENTRAL.—The Company introduced here includes "Cool" Burgess, Courtlandt Sisters, the Rays, Johnny Rooker, and Mat. Morgan's "Living Statuary."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Music Hall closed for the past week.

The local company have decided to give "Pinafore" another run, opening September 23 and 24.

Madame Rentz's Minstrels are booked for the 25th of the same month.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

July 17. Opera House closed.

Funk's Hall, July 10th, Union League Club, in concert, to good house. July 12th, London Combination, to poor house.

Reinheimer's Hall, July 9th, Miss Bell Pence began her seventy-five mile trial walk at 7:34 p. m. Only members of the press, a few friends, and interested parties, were admitted. Quite a number of Miss Belle's lady friends were in attendance. Miss Pence was dressed in a becoming suit, looked fresh and fair, and began her task in good spirits. She has a long, easy stride, and gives every indication of activity and endurance. She was in the care of Messrs. Dick Bean, Ford Littler and George Beckman. Messrs. Ed. Berry and Ned Nowotany acted as scorers. The walk ended at 6:05 p. m. July 10th. Actual time on track, 15 hours, 47 minutes, 50 seconds. Resting time, 6 hours and 43 minutes. Fastest mile (20th), 10 minutes and 40 seconds. At the close of her walk Miss B. was in good condition and could have walked much longer. Mr. George Beckman, of Kinnane, Wren & Co., active trainer for Miss P., has the fullest confidence in Miss Belle's ability to walk 100 miles in less time than Miss Von Blum (27 hours). Miss Pence will make her debut in this city. Her friends are all jubilant over her success. Mr. Beckman walked 35 miles with Miss P.

NOTES.—Mr. Thomas Allen, 56 years of age, a veteran of the Forty-fourth O. V. I., challenges any other old soldier to walk a twenty-mile match with him, in "heavy marching order," with gun, accoutrements and knapsack, at the reunion at the Fair Grounds August 7th.

Mr. W. C. Welling, the gentlemanly head usher at Black's Opera House, has been retained for the coming season.

Coming July 23d, W. W. Cole's New York and New Orleans Circus and Menagerie. They will draw a big crowd.

The RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY has the largest circulation of any dramatic and society journal that comes to this city, and can be had at Pierce & Co.'s news depot every Saturday.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

July 18. Since our last letter from here we have suffered from two of the hottest days this summer. On Tuesday and Wednesday of this week the thermometer reached, at several places in the city, 100 degrees Fahr. in the shade, the highest being at Pickel's Iron Foundry on the east bank of the Brandywine, where it registered 106 degrees in the office. Early in August an excursion will take place from here to the Hudson and West Point and Coney Island. The excursionists will be met at Jersey City by two boats, thus having the option of going up the Hudson or down the bay. For a long time a foot bridge has been needed over the Brandywine river in the immediate neighborhood of Jessup & Moore's Augustine Paper Mills; that need is about to be met, the iron work having been ordered from John R. Roebling's Sons Co., Trenton, N. J., and as soon as the working plans are ready the contract will be awarded.

The distinguished Senator from this State, Thomas F. Bayard, and his wife, sailed for Europe last Saturday, intending to spend three months. Excursions down the river and bay to Collins' Beach, Bombay Hook, Sea Breeze, and other places, are now high above par, and likely to remain so.

The first day of Stork's summer tours began last Monday. Several have gone from this city, and more will leave in early August.

CLEVELAND.

July 17. At last, after several weeks of expiring efforts, the season may be pronounced definitely dead. All places of amusement are closed except the Comique, and that never closes, so that this, together with the open air concerts, constitutes the sole means of amusement left to the disconsolate citizen who must sweat out the dog days in the city.

The RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY is selling well here.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

July 18th. A very neat incident occurred during the representation of the local "Pinafore." The duet of Mr. Tremain (*Captain Corcoran*) and Mrs. Holley (*Little Buttercup*) was encored, and Mrs. H. returned with a splendid bouquet in her hand, which had been thrown to her. During the progress of the duet, Mr. Tremain seized this, for this is rather a violent scene; but upon repeating the line:

"None but the brave deserve the fair,"

presented the bouquet to Mrs. Holley, so gracefully that the audience expressed their appreciation by a burst of spontaneous applause.

And now Fulton is anxious for our "Pinafore" to visit them.

It is intended to give a realistic "Pinafore" this summer at Alexandria Bay. The ship "Admiral" is to be anchored opposite the Island House, and the representation given on her deck. Mr. Burr, who so acceptably performed the part in the recent local "Pinafore," has been invited to assume the part of *Dick Deadeye*—"And it's greatly to his credit."

Billy Birch, the famous minstrel, and wife, are at the Lake Shore Hotel, on their way to Niagara Falls.

Mr. Birch received a telegram that Dave Wambold is about to lay down the armor of life. Poor Dave! he has suffered long. His songs, so pure and sweet, will be sadly missed.

The RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY is now one of our most popular New York visitors.

LOWELL, MASS.

July 15. Dramatic matters are dull; no shows for several weeks past and none booked.

Music Hall will be run under the management of Simons & Emery next season. No companies will be allowed the use of the hall except on shares with the managers. There are rumors of a new opera house.

Charles H. Duprez and several members of his minstrel troupe are spending the vacation in this city.

Yankee Locke and wife reside on a quiet farm in Dracut, two miles from here.

Charlie Thayer was in town recently.

One of the best *Admirals* on the road is James Bayles, of this city, now playing with the Boston "Pinafore" Company in Halifax. He has been re-engaged for next season.

Lowell has the crack amateur "Pinafore" Company in this part of the State. A portion of the members recently made a great hit in Greenfield.

The aldermen bled Barnum to the tune of \$200 for his license to show here. Coup paid only \$5.

LYNN, MASS.

July 17. King Solomon's Temple was for some time on exhibition in this city, and was a wonder to all as a marvellous piece of work. It has been engaged by Mons. Bushnell while he was in this city, and he opens with it in Hyde Park this week. It was made by Mrs. T. J. Miller, formerly of Charlestown, Mass., but now of Lynn. It is three feet and a half square and three feet high. The Temple is wholly composed of wax flowers and Corinthian columns of white wax; \$23,000 worth of flowers of every description were used in its construction. It is a sight worth seeing.

The Hilman Family are expected at their home in this city by Saturday, July 19th, from New York State, where they have been playing the past season.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

July 15. Weather hot and amusements dull.

Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrels July 11 and 12, to good houses.

Soderer and Ball's Art Illustrations of Foreign Travel opened July 14th for one week.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are reported for July 23 and 24.

Charles Haines, of the St. Paul Opera House, is at present enjoying camp life at White Bear Lake.

ELMIRA.

July 17. Nothing at the Opera House this week except "Pinafore," by the so-called Standard Theatre Company.

W. C. Coup's new united monster shows are billed for July 29th.

The RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY is sold at Sullivan's Post Office news rooms, and is an established favorite.

THE LOUNGER.



It seems that Dundreary and Bardwell Slote have not drawn good houses among the Salmon of Labrador. It is all very well to talk about playing star engagements before full audiences of the "Salmo Ferox," but suppose they won't attend. Now the unsuccessful performers have bolted the Natashquan and have returned to civilization and the Restigouche river, which is absolutely the best Salmon river in the world. Soon they will be in New York—and then look out for fish stories!

One bright afternoon of June Florence and Sothern sat on a conical, smooth boulder in the middle of the Natashquan, and unskillfully tossed the unsexed fly into the boiling rippling current. Whiskey and cigars aided to dispel their ennui during several hours, but even these resources failed at last and both comedians yawned in each others faces. Then Florence suggested, "Minnows, by Jove, and deep fishing in the pools where the fish lie these hot after noons." An Indian attendant soon brought a pailful of large and lively minnows, and the comedians taking off the flies, adjusted a different set of hooks, and affixing each one a big minnow through the back tossed the bait-fish into the pool. Then more whiskey and cigars. Now and then it seemed as if something was trifling with the bait, but on pulling it up it was always there. But at last Sothern said, "Why look, Billy, how my bait is swelled." The distention was in fact discernible and Florence could not dispute it. The bait-fish looked certainly very much as if he had dined at the STURTEVANT HOUSE. Finally it occurred to the anglers to cut him open, and then exclaimed Florence, "Why damme, Ned, he's gone and swallowed three of these here salmon!" That day they fished no more.

Police Commissioner Wheeler is having a good time at Schroon Lake; such an uncommonly good time that he really can't come to New York to see his creditors, but he has plenty of money to telegraph his creditors here that he will pay them ten cents on the dollar, cash, too, even if he has to take part of it out of his own pocket. But the hard-hearted Register decides that Mr. Wheeler must rise to explain in person at an adjourned meeting of the creditors. And yet people deny that there is such a thing as virtue in distress.

A fable of the Ass and the Rambler.

An ass having by chance found the skin of a lion, put it on and covered himself with it in the best manner he could, and by means thereof getting away from his master, he ranged at will through the woods and lawns, frightening the harmless beasts, as the deer, the hares, and the like. At length he grew very conceited and so silly as to trample down and spoil the grass that was reserved for the pasture of the sheep and other cattle, till a Rambler discovered and exposed him to the public, who soon stripped him of the lion's skin, and by giving him many heavy blows taught him to know that he ought to have been contented with the hide that Nature had given him, and that became an ass like himself.

Moral: An ass that is born in Xenia, Ohio, ought to stay there.



JOHN BLACKBRIDGE.

THE RAMBLER

AND

DRAMATIC WEEKLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL WORLD AND THE INTERESTS
OF THE STAGE.

THE HOME BOOK AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

CHAMPION BISSELL, EDITOR.

Office.....37 Dey Street, N. Y.
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but as a guarantee of good faith.All advertisements must reach this office not later than 6 P. M., on
Monday.

American News Co., sole agents.

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OUR LETTER LIST.

All letters advertised in this list can be found at the office, 854
Broadway, and will be forwarded on receipt of stamp.

Adrian, Miss	Devere, Sam
Barnes, Elliott	Gwinnett Harry
Barnes, William E	Morris, Clara Miss
Barry, Conlan	Meador, J. G.
Constantine, Charles	Stedwell, R. A.
Cushing, Miss May.	

THE DRAMATIC PRINCIPLE.

The taste of the town now requires great scenic *tours de force*, and the theatres competing with each other in the attraction of objects from outside, which seem to defy reproduction on the stage, it is necessary that the writer should, like Mr. Crummles' dramatist, construct his piece in the interest of "the pump and washing-tubs," or kindred objects. Hence the panoramas of fires, underground railways, music halls, steamboat piers, dry arches, and such things. The characters and situations are meant to include lost and found wills, forgers, scheming Jews, bigamy, suicides, crafty scheming men, who stick at nothing—in short, *mechanical* figures and incidents are the elements. It must be conceded that the pieces are done as skilfully as possible, and are really interesting.

The plea on which an author offers dramas of this nature is, that they really are reflections of the incidents and fashion of the time, and therefore hold the mirror up to the great city. These speculators, forgers, and particularly humorists out of the lower ranks—play-bill stickers, &c.—are all about us; and though such elaborate tissues of ingenious crime may not be actually woven near us, the policy reports show that something very like these delinquencies exist.

Now this argument is so frequently urged, in many other arts, too, besides the dramatic, and on its moral side, that it becomes worth while to look into the whole a little closely.

It comes back to the distinction, to be often insisted on, between what is dramatic and what is mimetic. Acting that is not founded on character, is mere mimicry; acting that is, is the pure drama. This does not exclude story, the story of the most exciting sort; but the story should be born of the clash of character with character; not the character of the story. To set off a narrative of interest by colorless figures—and we are now speaking merely in reference to the relative *prominence*, for Mr. Boucicault does give us characters, and good ones too, figures whose function it is to be story-tellers—as it were, and help on the action—would, if unassisted, result in simple tedium. But Mr. Boucicault and his audience both know that this is set off by, or leading up to, the scenic "sensation;" and the expectancy, or actual enjoyment, supplies other interest. The result may be a single play or two of exciting interest, like "After Dark," but see the result in the future, which is, as it were, discounted. In a few short rounds the whole compass of these scenic prodigies is spent. With infinite labor of thought and mechanical skill something is discovered, but by-and-by all wonder and surprise are exhausted; anything astonishing is found to be like what has gone before; and bill-forgers, bigamists, usurers, and suicidal work-girls, left to themselves, without bridges to leap from, dry arches to sleep under, or burning houses to be saved from, tumble over like cardboard soldiers. The worst of these great effects is, that there are almost always excrescences, for which either the piece has been written, or which have been imported into the piece. In any case they dwarf the play. Nearly all these costly and pretentious *tours de force* could be cut out: they are, as it were, lugged in, head and shoulders; and thus does true dramatic art indemnify itself. So with the comic figures, taken from the streets—the cads and cadgers, the newsboys, the firemen, whose slang and readiness does such service in these dramas. Here we may compare Mr. Boucicault with himself, and see what is the real principle in dealing with such characters. In the "Colleen Bawn" we saw the Irish "low" element of humor elaborated; but it was all in the interest of the play. It tended to bring about the action, and the result was interest, and a feeling of respect and sympathy; but with this cockney street humor, which is on the *outside*, the effect is the same as on ourselves passing by, *in* the street; just as we feel amusement mingled with contempt—a sense of distrust, and a wish to have as little contact as possible with such characters. So from our house window we might look out, and be amused at some such spectacle; but if it was repeated two or three mornings it would grow tedious, and we would ask the police to see that such performers "moved on." And this the fatal Nemesis for an "oddity" actor, or an "oddity" part, that is, such a part as is founded on "cant" words; and, perhaps, on "cant" dress, and is brought in merely to exhibit the same. There is nothing of "cant" in real human character.

While, however, play-maker, play-actor, and play-goer admit reluctantly that there is something wrong in the modern drama, they can point

triumphantly to what has done the mischief—the glories of modern scenery. This, at least, flourishes; and has almost reached perfection. Every Christmas sees new and yet newer triumphs, and we are confounded with a fresh paradise in every new spectacle. Set scenes, perfect structures that have to be "built," have taken the place of the old, "flats;" side scenes have given way to regular enclosures; and drawing-rooms and boudoirs appear ready furnished with hangings, buhl, clocks, &c.; in short, as the bills are careful to inform us, "the furniture in Act IV. is by Messrs. — and —, of Broadway. Often, as a scene is disclosed, before a word is spoken, or a character appears, the scenery evokes a storm of applause." This surely is a conscientious support to the piece, and the manager is thus said to spare no expense to mount his play properly. Yet the question arises whether this, considered to be the cause of the decay of the dramatic portion, is not itself a decay. A few reflections will show that the whole is based on false principles.

The confusion arises from the idea, that the closer reality is imitated, the more nearly *effect* is produced. If actual *reality*—the thing itself—can be introduced, the *acme* is reached. A landscape defies such an introduction, though partial attempts can be made at producing a street. But the simplest illustration, by which the whole principle can be tested, is that of the Drawing-room Scene. In many of the leading plays now acting, there is some such elaborate room, richly furnished and appointed, on which great trouble and cost have been expended. As the drop scene rises, we see the French windows to the right, with cornices and rich rep curtains, Louis Quatorze chairs, a pier table and mirror, buhl cabinet, marquetry tables, chimney-piece, fender, &c.; in short, "Messrs. — and —, Broadway," have done their best. Yet it may be said, that the more realistic and complete the attempt, the more there is of failure; of a sense of something wanting. The completeness of these additions makes the poorness of its background felt. Thus, let any one look at the real cornices, and see how clumsily they hang on the canvas background, revealing that it is anything but a firm wall. The marquetry tables look dull and shabby and prosy; the accessories overpower the groundwork, they are discordant with the poor flat painting about them, painting of mouldings, ceiling, cornices, surbases, all produced by color. And this leads us to the curious conditions under which things are seen upon the stage. There is no sunlight, no casting of shadows, which makes the whole richness of objects in average daily life. *There* every little depression, every "bit of work," has its faint shadow. On the stage the glare of gas is equable—coming from above, below, and from the side; and such shadows as there are, are the coarse shadows of limelight. Hence it is that in painting, it is necessary to paint shadows with color; and hence the effect and appropriateness of scenery. Further, there is another condition, and a very remarkable one, often lost sight of. This drawing-room, with its appointments is one not seen, as other drawing-rooms are, from the inside or doorway, but is looked at after an Asmodean fashion—its side taken out—by people who are from thirty to a couple of hundred feet away. No ordinary room is seen under such conditions. In real life, statues place at a height

or distance are made coarse and gigantic. On the stage the actors' faces have a glare thrown on them; but real distant objects cannot be so strongly illuminated. Take the marquetry table with the "console" legs, to be seen at one of the leading theatres. It is self-evident that the work of Messrs. — and —, of Broadway, was meant to be seen a couple of feet off, and not hundreds of feet away, where it looks muddy and dull. We shall recur to this theme again.

DEATH OF HENRY D. PALMER.

The theatrical profession have within the past week lost by death one of the greatest managers in the entire country.

Henry D. Palmer, of the firm of Jarrett & Palmer, unexpectedly departed this life in London, Saturday morning, July 19, from chronic inflammation of the bladder, a disease of three years' standing.

Connected socially and professionally with the best known musical talent in the world, including such names as Sontag, Patti, Thalberg, Von Bulow, and Piccolomini, he has also produced some of the most successful dramas known.

Starting with the "Black Crook," which made him notorious, his management of Booth's Theatre, and his spectacular productions served to increase his fame. A remarkably hard worker, he leaves a fortune of over one hundred thousand dollars for the support of his wife and two children.

Born at Pottsville, Pa., September 28, 1832, Mr. Palmer served in the office of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and in the *North American*, and was still in the publishing business when engaged by Hall Wilton in 1852, to act as advance agent to the new star, Sontag; one of the pleasantest recollections in Mr. Palmer's life being the name of the Countess Rossi. To recount the triumphs and the theatrical ventures of Harry Palmer would be a task too great to be undertaken in any single article.

Everybody who takes interest in such matters knows that it was he who, with his newly-found partner, Mr. Jarrett, brought over the ballet-dancers who danced, pirouetted and clashed their cymbals at Niblo's Garden in the winter of 1866, making in six months half a million of dollars for the author of that stupendous production, the "Black Crook," setting the new partnership firmly on its feet and establishing spectacular drama in New York. That success gave Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer their cue when they leased Booth's Theatre. The production of "Henry V." and "Julius Caesar," were events in American dramatic history. "Sardinapalus," was less successful. Indeed the latter was no more a representation of Assyrian life than of the Jardin Mabille. It was the "Black Crook" and "White Fawn" woven together, with fragments of Byron's rhetoric. But the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" more than recompensed Mr. Palmer for his losses. He made \$30,000 in a very few weeks, and carried the play over to the European continent where it was less applauded.

At the time of his death he was busy with several enterprises of great pith and moment, one of them being the engagement of Sarah Bernhardt. He was a member of the Manhattan and Lotos clubs. His remains will be brought to this country and interred in Greenwood Cemetery. The actors' epitaph on his life is that he was an excellent companion and wonderful stage manager.

George Clarke once more shows his pleasant face in the localities where the Profession most do congregate. He is engaged for leading business at Both's. His foreign trip has set well on him.

There are a great many families in our smaller towns and in the country, who would like to know an experienced firm of wine merchants in New York, whose dealings are fair, and whose charges and views of profit are reasonable. Such a firm are Charles J. Murphy & Son, of 21 Beaver street, New York.

Messrs. Murphy & Son do not make a pretentious display of goods, but in their solid building in Beaver street,

among the magnates of the wine and liquor trade, they keep an excellent stock and sell by sample. Consumers ordering of them by letter can be just as well suited as if waited on in person. They have merely to state their preferences and the prices they expect to pay, and Messrs. Murphy & Son will cater for them to their satisfaction.

It is fair to this firm to say that they have not solicited or paid for these paragraphs. We have written them wholly in the interests of those of our readers who would like to know just such a house to correspond with and be well treated; since Murphy & Son make a specialty of family custom.

We were much interested, not long since, in reading an account of the success of the Brothers Dolge, near Little Falls, Herkimer Co., N. Y., in manufacturing Piano Felt-cloth, surpassing the best efforts of foreign manufacturers, and actually creating a market abroad for their fabrics. Our readers may not be aware that in other descriptions of felt goods American manufacturers are reaping a good harvest and compelling the attention of the world.

Every sheet of paper made anywhere in the world must pass, and does pass, over a woolen felt surface of quite large extent. Hence an immense consumption of woolen felt takes place in America, where paper making has assumed gigantic proportions. Until within a few years all felts used in this country were imported, but now they are produced in the best manner by Shuler & Benninghofen at Hamilton, Ohio, who are among the pioneers, and have accumulated a handsome property; by F. A. Gray & Co., Piqua, Ohio, who also make the best flannels produced west of the Alleghenies; H. Waterbury & Co., of Rensselaerville, Albany Co. New York, and L. K. Heathcote, of Glen Rock, Pa., also Bulkley, Dunton & Co., of 74 John street, New York city, who have a mill for this purpose in Maine.

American manufacturers of woolen fabrics deserve all the more credit when they produce praiseworthy cloths, because our Government shuts them out from a fair selection of the wools of the world, by onerous duties. An English or European woolen manufacturer buys wool at about half the price which his American rival is obliged to pay; yet in spite of this tremendous disadvantage our industry shows its triumphs, not only in the instance of the brothers Dolge, but also in those of the other enterprising manufacturers whom we have mentioned.

We present this week the portrait of the popular actress KATE CLAXTON.

FINANCIAL.

Office of THE RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY, }
July 23, 1879. }

In the last issue of the RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY we touched upon the question of the feasibility of uniting several banks in one immense institution, and promised to treat upon the subject more at length this week. That it would be advantageous to have fewer and larger banks cannot be denied. Expenses could be greatly curtailed under such a system, and a better class of men would be produced to hold positions in the large banks. In times of commercial distress the financial measures of a few large banks could be better considered than those of a multiplicity of small institutions. The latter often, in such emergencies, pull against each other, and injure each other; while a few large banks could act more in harmony.

Losses also could be avoided. The smaller a bank is, the more its officers are liable to be influenced by favoritism, and hence to make losses. The annals of New York finance are filled with details of the wrecks of small banks, but no large bank in this city has ever gone to the wall. It is only the small ones that fail, with capitals of less than a million each. Not that it is not as easy to ruin a large bank as a small one, but the large bank is apt to be in better hands.

Among the New York City banks at the present time depreciation in the market price of shares prevails mostly among the small concerns. The shares of nearly all the large banks are above par, and the shares of nearly all the small ones are below par. These undeniable facts need no comment.

We cannot, however, look for a consolidation of bank-

ing capital in New York city until banking on this side the water becomes more scientific, and loses its present gambling character. A bank that gambles, for instance the Roulette and Faro banks at Monaco, Saratoga and other watering-places abroad or at home, always has the odds in its favor; but a bank that discounts commercial notes always has the odds against it. It cannot charge more than legal interest, and it must make more or fewer, but at all events some, bad investments in the never ending procession of merchants and manufacturers notes, which it deals in for want of better notes. If twenty or thirty banks should consolidate into one immense institution, the one large bank would probably not discount two-name mercantile paper at all. It would only discount approved selections of three-name paper taken from the portfolios of wealthy banking houses and endorsed by them. The remainder of its transactions would be in Bills of Exchange, Loans on Marketable Stocks, &c., and it need never lose a dollar. The unsecured promises of merchants may be redeemed, or they may not; buying them is gambling, but there are always sound and real values for banks to lend money on and earn interest upon capital without resorting to gambling.

The secret of banking success in discounting merchants notes lies not only in sagacity in estimating the chances of payment, but also in the rate of interest charged, which should always be commensurate to the risk. In other words, interest should be charged for the use of capital, and then a price should be added for a set-off against risk. If a mercantile transaction cannot bear this double loading, it had better go untransacted. If John Smith, when he sells John Jones twenty cases of dry goods on four months' cannot afford to pay a discount of five per cent on the amount for cash, not five per cent per year but five per cent off the face of the bill for money, he had better keep his goods, or sell out to some one else that can afford it. The interests of sound banking demand that gambling risks should be compensated. They are compensated in life insurance, in fire insurance, in marine risks, in annuities, in all other forms of financiering except banking; yet here, where they most need compensation, law or custom forbids this reasonable application of science.

Some examples of successful banking remain to be noticed.

Those desiring to invest in stocks, or transact financial business of any nature we would advise them to send for a copy of the *Operator* to Messrs. D. P. Herrick & Co., 43 New Street, N. Y., whose reputation for integrity and ability is unquestioned.—*Ex.*

AN INCOME WITHOUT CARE.—By the combination method of operating in stocks a handsome income can be secured without care. Capital in any amount, from \$10 to \$50,000, may be used with equal proportionate success. By this system Messrs. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, N. Y., pool the orders of thousands of customers, of various sums, into one vast amount, and co-operate them under the most skillful management, dividing profits monthly. Each shareholder thus obtains all the advantages of the largest capital and experienced skill, and the percentage of profits is very great; \$20 will pay \$100 in 30 days; \$250 will return \$1,825, or 7½ per cent. on the stock, and so on, as the market varies. A prominent publisher of the Rock Island (Ill.) *Daily Argus*, made \$104.15 on an investment of \$20, in October. Hundreds of others are doing even better. Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s new circular has "two unerring rules for success in stock operations" and full information, so that any one can deal in stocks. All kinds of bonds and stocks wanted. New Government bonds supplied. Deposits received. Apply to Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, New York City.—*Ex.*

Ladd's cot is a beauty, light, portable and strong. It packs up into a smaller compass than any other cot we have seen. The neatness with which its legs fold under it is wonderful, and the promptness with which they adjust themselves to their required position when the cot is opened is just as wonderful. The cot is complete for use without a mattress or pillow. The ingenious spring arrangement which takes the place of a pillow, will support the heaviest head, and afford pleasant rest, without the heat which inevitably accompanies a feather or hair pillow. The cot is found in great favor among camp meetings and summer hotels as well as in families. He who has one of these can "take up his bed and walk" in any direction at exceedingly short notice. Whether for a lounging place by day, or for sleeping accommodation by night, this little cot is all that can be desired. Householders can stow in a closet enough of these cots to afford comfort to all the country cousins who may suddenly visit them. Boarding houses find them unsurpassed in convenience for troops of unexpected guests. The surprise is at how so much of a cot can be furnished for so little money. Ask H. W. Ladd, 207 Canal street, New York.—*Ex.*

FEUILLETON.

The Desert King.

I was born in Constantinople; my father was a Dragoon to the Porte, and was besides engaged in a tolerably profitable trade in costly essences and silken stuffs. He gave me a good education, for in part he instructed me himself, and in part placed me under the tuition of one of our priests. His first intentions were that I should succeed to the management of his shop, but when he found that I exhibited greater abilities than he had anticipated, he determined, at the advice of his friends, to make me a physician; for a physician, if he knows no more than a common mountebank, can make his fortune in Constantinople. There were several Franks that used to visit our house, and one of them urged my father to send me to his native country, to the city of Paris; because there, as he said, I could learn medicine gratuitously, and to greater perfection than I could anywhere else. He himself would be willing to take me thither, when he returned. My father, who had travelled in his youth, consented, and the Frank told me that I might prepare to go in three months. I was extravagantly delighted at the idea that I should now have an opportunity of seeing foreign lands, and could hardly wait for the moment which had been fixed upon as the time of our embarkation. The Frank had at last concluded his business, and prepared for his journey; on the evening before we departed, my father led me into his little sleeping room. There I saw splendid dresses and arms lying on the table. But what most attracted my eyes was a great pile of gold, more than I had ever seen together before. My father embraced me, and said, "You see, my son, I have been providing you clothes for your journey; that dirk and pair of pistols are yours; they are the same which your grandfather gave me when I went upon my travels. You are now able to wear them but never use them until you are attacked; then strike, and as hard as you can. My means are not very great; but what I have, I have divided into three parts; one of these shall be yours, another I shall keep for my own support and necessities, but the third I shall preserve as a sacred store, to be of aid to you in the hour of need." Thus spake my old father, and tears hung in his eyes, probably those of presentiment; for I have never seen him since.

Our voyage was prosperous; we soon arrived at France, and, after a journey of six days, we entered the great city of Paris. My Frankish friend here hired me apartments, and advised me how to lay out my money, which in all amounted to two thousand dollars, to the greatest advantage. For three years I lived in the city, and learned all that was necessary to qualify me to be a sound physician; but I should speak falsely did I say that I dwelt there with pleasure, for I liked not the manners of the people; and, besides, I had but few good friends there; but these nevertheless were young men of noble minds.

The desire to return to my native country became at last too powerful; during the whole time of my absence I had not heard a word from my father, and I took advantage of a favorable opportunity to return home—for an embassy was about to be sent from France to the Sublime Porte. I followed in the train of the embassy in the capacity of a surgeon, and returned in good fortune to Stamboul. But I found my father's house closed, and was informed by the neighbors, who were greatly astonished when they beheld me, that he had been dead two months before. The priest who had instructed me in my youth brought me the key, and alone and abandoned I betook myself to the desolate house. I found everything just as my father had left them; but the gold which he had promised to bequeath me was wanting. I questioned the priest concerning it; he bowed and said, "Your father died a holy man, for he made over all his money to the church." To me this was perfectly incomprehensible, but what was I to do? I had no witnesses against the priest, and was thankful that he had not considered my father's house and goods as a legacy. This was the first misfortune that befel me; but from this time blow followed after blow. I could not make my reputation as a physician generally known, for I was ashamed to act like a common quack, and my father's recommendations, for he had introduced me into the highest and wealthiest

families, were of no avail to me, for no one desired to continue an acquaintance with the poor Zalenkos. And for my father's goods I found but little market, for all his old customers had dropped off since his death, and new ones came in but slowly. As I was once reflecting disconsolately upon my situation, it occurred to me that during my residence in France I had frequently seen men of my own country who travelled through the land and offered their wares for sale in the public markets, and I remembered that they had always found ready custom merely because they were foreigners, and that they reaped an hundred-fold profit. I immediately determined upon my plan. I sold my paternal house, gave a part of the purchase money into the hands of a trusty friend for safe keeping, and with the rest purchased whatever was rare in France; costly shawls, silken stuffs, unguents and oils; engaged a birth in a ship, and so set out on my second voyage to France. It seemed as if fortune, the moment I had turned my back upon the castles of the Dardanelles, was again disposed to be favorable toward me. Our voyage was short and fortunate. I wandered around through all the great and small towns of France, and found everywhere ready purchasers for my goods. My friend at Stamboul continued to send me fresh supplies, and I became more and more successful every day. When, after awhile, I had succeeded in saving up so much that I believed I might venture upon some more extended operation, I went with my goods to Italy. But I should also say that I put my knowledge of medicine in use, which brought me in not a little money. Whenever I entered a town I caused it to be announced by placards, that a Greek physician had arrived, who had performed several wonderful cures; and in fact my balsam and my medicines brought me in many a zecchino. At length I arrived at the city of Florence. I had determined beforehand to stay in this city a long while, partly because I liked the place, and partly because I felt that it was necessary that I should have some rest after the fatigues of my long wandering. I hired a shop in the quarter of St. Croce and not far from it a couple of handsomely furnished apartments, which led by a balcony into a hotel. I immediately caused my placards to be carried around, which announced me as a physician and merchant of costly wares. I had hardly opened my shop before I was flooded with purchasers, and although my prices were rather high, yet they bought of me in preference to others because I was courteous and friendly to all my customers. I had already spent four delightful days in Florence, when one evening after I had shut up my house and was inspecting, according to my usual practice, the contents of my unguent boxes, I found in a little case a packet which I could not recall to mind as having put there myself. I opened the packet, and found in it an invitation to betake myself that very night, at twelve o'clock precisely, to a bridge they call the Ponte Vecchio. I considered the matter a long while, and tried to think who it could be that had given me such an invitation, when I did not know a soul in the place, and at last concluded that they wanted to take me secretly to some sick person or other—a case which frequently occurs. I resolved to go; but for prudence' sake I armed myself with the yataghan which had been given to me by my father.

When it was almost midnight I put myself on the road and soon came to the Ponte Vecchio. Finding no one on the bridge I resolved to wait until some one appeared and called me by name. It was a cold night; the moon shone brightly, and I gazed down into the waters of the Arno which gleamed in the moonbeams far away like silver. As the church clocks of the city struck twelve I raised myself up and before me stood a tall man, wrapped entirely up in a red mantle, a corner of which he held up before his face.

I was at first somewhat astonished, because he had taken me by surprise, but I immediately recovered, and said, "If it is you who have called me here, what are your wishes?" The red mantle turned around and slowly muttered, "Follow!" I felt somewhat uneasy at the idea of going with this unknown alone; so I stood still, and said, "Not so, my good sir, until you have first told me whither I am to be led; and besides, I should be obliged to you if you would show me your face a little so that I may judge whether you have good intentions toward me." But the man seemed perfectly indifferent. "If you will not come, Zalenkos, then stay where you

are!" he answered, and walked away. This roused my anger—"Do you think," I cried, "that a man like myself is to be bantered by every fool, and that I have waited here for nothing all this night?" In three bounds I had reached him, and grasped his mantle in one hand and, laying the other on my yataghan, I cried out aloud, but the mantle was left in my hand, and the unknown had vanished in the nearest corner. My anger began to abate by-and-by, but I had the mantle, and this might give me a clue to the explanation of this singular adventure. I put it around me and went toward my home. Hardly had I gone a hundred steps when some one pressed close beside me, and whispered in the French language—"Be on your guard, Count, there is nothing can be done to-night." Before I could look around this man had also vanished, and I only saw a shadow sweep past the houses. That this remark was intended for him of the red mantle, and not for myself, I very readily discerned, but still it gave me no light on the matter. The next morning I considered upon what it was best to do. My first thought was to have the mantle proclaimed, and that I had found it, but I then reflected the unknown might redeem it through a third person, and I should thus be baffled in my desires to see into the affair. As I was reasoning what would be best, I examined the mantle more closely. It was made of heavy Genoa velvet, of a purple color, trimmed with Astrachan fur, and richly embroidered with gold. The magnificent appearance of the cloak suggested to me an idea, which I determined to carry out. I took it to my shop and exposed it for sale, but set so high a price upon it, that I was certain it would find no purchaser. My design was to watch closely the faces of those who inquired after the cloak, for though I had had but a slight glance of the unknown after the loss of his mantle, yet his figure and air were so marked that I felt sure I could distinguish him among a thousand. There were a great many who would have been glad to purchase the mantle, whose extraordinary beauty attracted every eye, but there was none that bore any resemblance to the unknown; no one was willing to pay for it the extravagant price of two hundred zecchinos. Whenever I asked any one if there was another mantle of the kind in Florence, they invariably answered that there was not, and that they had never in their lives seen so beautiful and costly a piece of work.

It was already evening, when at length a young man came in who had frequently been there before, and had that very day offered me a good deal for the cloak. He threw down a bag of zecchinos on the table, and cried, "By Heavens, Zalenkos! I must have your mantle, if it makes me a beggar," and he immediately began to count out his pieces of gold. This of course put me in a state of great embarrassment. I had only hung up the cloak with the idea that it might perhaps draw the attention of the unknown, and now there was a young fool had come along willing to pay the immense price I asked for it. But what was I to do? I yielded, for on the other hand it was a great satisfaction that I was to be paid so well for my night's adventure. The young man put the cloak on and moved away; he turned, however, at the door and tearing off a piece of paper that had been fastened to the mantle, he threw it toward me, saying, "here, Zalenkos, here is something which does not belong to the cloak." I took the paper without thinking it was of any importance, but behold there was written upon it, "Bring the cloak this night at the same hour to the Ponte Vecchio; four hundred zecchinos await you." I stood as if I was thunderstruck. So I had spoilt my own good fortune, and had entirely missed my aim. But I did not wait long to think. I scraped the two hundred zecchinos together and springing toward the man who had purchased the mantle, told him, "take your sequins back, my good friend, and give me the cloak. It is not in my power to dispose of it." At first he thought I was but speaking in jest; but when he saw that I was really in earnest, he grew angry at my demand, called me a fool, and we finally came to blows. But I was fortunate enough to tear the cloak away from him in the scuffle, and was running off with it, when he called the police to his assistance, and they took me before the judge. The justice was astonished at the nature of the complaint, and decided that the cloak belonged to my opponent. But I offered the young man twenty, fifty, eighty, yes, an hundred zecchinos, if he would let me have the mantle. My gold effected what

my entreaties could not. He took my zecchinos, but I went off in triumph with the mantle, very well satisfied with myself, although all Florence thought me nothing but a madman. But I was perfectly indifferent to the opinions of the people, for I knew better than they what I gained by the bargain.

I waited impatiently for the night. At the same time as on the preceding day, I went with the cloak under my arm to the Ponte Vecchio. With the last stroke of the clock, the figure came from the darkness, and approached me. It was evidently the same man that I had seen on the preceding day. "Have you the cloak?" he asked. "Yes, sir," I answered, "but it cost me an hundred zecchinos." "I know that," he replied; "give it me; here are four hundred." He walked with me to the broad balustrade of the bridge, and paid out the gold pieces. There were four hundred; richly they shone in the moonlight; their brightness refreshed my soul; ah! it dreamed not that this was to be its last joy. I put the money in my pocket, and was now desirous of examining the Unknown more minutely; but he wore a mask before his face, through which his dark eyes shone fearfully upon me. "I thank you for your kindness, sir," said I; "what further do you wish of me? But I can tell you beforehand, I shall never consent to do anything unlawful." "You need not be afraid of that," he answered, putting on his cloak. "I want your assistance as a physician—not for the living, but for the dead."

"How can that be?" said I, perfectly amazed.

"I came here with my sister from foreign lands," said he, immediately beckoning me to follow him, "and I was residing with her here at the house of a friend of our family. My sister died very suddenly yesterday of some disease, and our relations wish to have her buried tomorrow. But, according to an old family custom, all of our race must rest in the vault of our ancestors; and all those who have died in foreign lands, have been embalmed and carried there. I will give my relations her body, but I must, at least, carry to my father his daughter's head, that he may see her once again."

This custom of cutting off the heads of the dearest relations appeared to me rather horrible, but I dared not express my opinions, fearing that I might offend the unknown. However, I told him that I well understood how to embalm the dead, and desired him to conduct me to the deceased. Yet I could not refrain from asking him, "what need of all this mystery, and why must it be done in the night?" He replied that his relations were very much averse to what they thought was a cruel deed, and would take measures to prevent him in the day time; but if her head was only once off, they would say but little more about it; he would have brought me the head, but natural delicacy withheld him from taking it off himself.

By this time we had arrived at a large and magnificent mansion. My companion pointed toward it as the termination of our midnight walk. We passed the principal entrance of the house, entered it by a little door which the unknown carefully closed behind him, and ascended, but in darkness, a narrow flight of stairs. They led into a faintly lighted hall, from which we gained admittance into an apartment lit up by a lamp that was fastened to the ceiling.

There was a bed in this chamber, and upon it lay the corpse. The unknown turned his face away, and seemed to be concealing his tears. He pointed to the bed, and commanding me to execute my business well and speedily, went out of the room.

I took out my knife, which, as a surgeon, I always carried with me, and approached the bed. Nothing but the head of the corpse was visible, but this was so exquisitely beautiful that I could not avoid feeling a sentiment of aversion to the duty that I was about to perform. Her dark hair hung down in long tresses—the face was pale, and the eyes closed. I first made an incision in the skin, as surgeons do when they are about to perform an amputation, and then, taking my sharpest knife, with one gash I had cut clear through the throat. But, oh horror! the dead opened her eyes, but immediately closed them again, and in a deep sigh seemed for the first time to have breathed away her life. A stream of warm blood immediately gushed upon me from the wound. I was now convinced that I had killed the poor creature; for she was undoubtedly dead, and from such a wound there were

no hopes of saving her. For some minutes I stood in agonized despair at the thought of what I had done. Had the red-mantle deceived me? or had his sister been only seemingly dead? the latter supposition appeared to me the more probable. But I dared not tell the brother of the deceased that a less hasty cut might, perhaps, have awakened without killing her, so I saw that my own safety required my taking the head off entirely; but the dying one groaned once more, struggled, as if in intense agony, and died; this spectacle filled me with terror, and I rushed shuddering from the room. But in the passage all was darkness, for the lamp was extinguished. I could discover no trace of my companion, and I had to feel my way along the wall to gain the winding staircase. I at last found it, and half falling, half slipping, reached the lower floor. But there was no one below. I found the door ajar, and I breathed free when I was out in the street, for the very air of the house was tainted with murder. Urged on by my terror, I ran home and buried myself in the bedclothes, endeavoring to banish from my mind the horrid deed which I had committed. But sleep avoided me, and the morning warned me to compose myself. It was very evident that the man, who, as it now seemed, had induced me to execute this accursed deed, would not inform against me. I determined to go about my business in my shop as usual, and if possible assume a careless mien. But ah! a new circumstance, which I had not noticed before, increased my agony. My cap and sash, as well as my knife, were missing, and I was uncertain whether I had left them in the room of the murdered one, or had lost them in my flight. Unfortunately the first seemed the more probable, and they would thus afford a clue which would lead to the discovery of my being the murderer.

At the usual time, I opened my shop. My neighbor came in as he was wont to do every morning, for he was a very talkative man. "Ah! what do you think of the horrible story," said he, "that transpired last night." I pretended that I had no idea what he meant. "What! do you not know what is the talk all over the city? Not know that the most beautiful flower of Florence, Bianca, the governor's daughter, was murdered last night. Ah! I saw her but yesterday, walking along the street, so happy with the bridegroom she was to have married to-day."

Every word my neighbor said pierced me to the heart, and my torments were inflicted over and over again; for every customer that came in the shop repeated the story, and each one with more horrible additions; but none of them could tell the horrors to which I myself had been the witness. About midday, an officer of justice entered my shop, and requested me to dismiss the people who were present. "Signor Zalenkos," said he, as he took out the things which I had missed, "do these belong to you?" I was thinking that it would be better to deny them at once, but as I saw through the half-opened door my landlord, and several other people, who were well able to testify against me, I concluded that it would only make matters worse by declaring what might so easily be proved to be a falsehood, and so acknowledged that I was their owner. The officer commanded me to follow him, and conducted me to an immense building, which I soon recognized as the prison. There, having provided me with a room, he left me, until I should be called before the judges.

My situation, as I was left there alone to my reflections, was truly terrible. The thought that I had committed a murder, even though it had been effected against my will, continually recurred to me; yet I could not conceal from myself that the brightness of the gold had enthralled my senses, otherwise I should not have rushed thus blindfold into so suspicious an adventure. Two hours after I had been arrested, I was led from my room; and, having descended a long flight of stairs, we entered a large saloon. Around a long table hung in black, twelve men, most of them far advanced in life, were sitting. Benches were ranged along the sides of the saloon, filled with the first people of Florence; and the galleries, which were raised above the rest, were thickly crowded with spectators. As I was led to the dark table, a man with a gloomy and melancholy countenance arose and left his seat; it was the Governor. He declared to the assembly that, inasmuch as he was father to the deceased, he had no right to sit in justice upon the cause, and that, for the present,

he should resign his chair in favor of the oldest of the Senators. The oldest of the Senators was a venerable man, at least ninety years of age; he was bowed down, and his temples were shaded by thin white hair; yet, nevertheless, his eyes were bright and fiery, and his voice still strong and firm. He began by asking me whether I confessed the murder? I begged him to hear me; and then, with a calm and steady voice, narrated to him all that I had done, and all that I knew. I noticed that the Governor had grown pale while I was speaking—soon turned red; and the moment I had concluded, rose up in a rage: "How, villain!" he cried, "do you wish to lay upon another the burden of a crime to which your own avarice prompted you?" The Senator rebuked him for his interruption, reminding him that he had surrendered his rights on the present occasion, of his own free will, and that it had not yet been proved that I was actuated by avarice, because, from his own confessions, nothing had been stolen from the room of the deceased. Yes, he went still further: he told the Governor that he should require him to give an account of the early life of his daughter; for it was only by means of this that they could decide whether I had spoken the truth or not. He immediately adjourned the court for the day, in order, as he said, that he might take counsel from the papers which the Governor would afford him. I was again conducted to my prison, where I spent a gloomy day—my only hopes of safety resting on the chance that they might discover some connection between the deceased and the Red Mantle. Confident that I should be acquitted, I entered the hall of justice on the following day. Several letters were lying on the table; the old Senator asked me whether they were in my handwriting. I examined them, and found that they must have been written by the same hand that penned the two notes which I had received. I expressed my sentiments to the Senators, but they did not seem to consider them worthy of credence, for they said it was possible, and highly probable, that I had written both letters and notes, for the signature to the letters was very distinctly a Z, which was, at the same time, the initial of my own name. The letters, however, contained threats to the deceased, and warnings not to consent to the marriage which was on the point of being solemnized.

The Governor seemed to have given them some singular information with regard to my person; for, on this day, they treated me more mistrustfully, and examined me far more rigorously. I referred them for my justification to my papers, which they would find in my room, but they told me that they had searched, and had not been able to discover them. And thus, at the close of this day, all my hopes vanished; and when on the third day I was again conducted to the saloon, they read me my sentence: that having been convicted of wilful and deliberate murder, I was sentenced to death. What a fate was mine; to be abandoned by all whom I hold dear on earth; and in the bloom of youth, and far from my native land to die, guiltless, by the axe!

On the evening of that fearful day which had been so decisive of my destiny, I was sitting in my lonely prison; I had lost all hopes, and my thoughts were now directed to my approaching death, when the cell door opened, and a man entered, who gazed at me for a long time in silence. "It is you, then, Zalenkos?" said he. Owing to the dim light of the lamp I did not recognize him at first, but the tones of his voice awoke all my old remembrances. It was Valetty, one of the few friends that I had made in Paris during the time I was prosecuting my studies in that city. He said that he had accidentally visited Florence, where his father, who was a man of eminence, resided, and having heard of my history, he had come to see me once more, and learn from me personally what could have induced me to commit so horrible a crime. I told him the whole story from beginning to end. He seemed to be very much astonished at it, and conjured me to tell him, my only friend, all that had happened, and not to die with a falsehood on my lips. I swore by the most solemn oaths that all that I had told him was true; and that for myself, I felt conscious of no other crime than that I had suffered myself to be so blinded by the brightness of the gold, that I could not discern the improbability of the Red Mantle's story. "Then you were never acquainted with Bianca?" he asked. I protested that I had never even so much as seen her. Valetty now told me that there must be some deep mystery hanging over the affair; that the Governor

had been too hasty in pronouncing my doom; but that it was the common report among the people, that I had, for a long time, been acquainted with Bianca; and that, through revenge at her proposed marriage with another, I had committed this cruel murder. I answered that all this might apply very well to the Red Mantle, but there was nothing that I could show which could prove him to have been an accessory to the deed. Valetty embraced me with tears in his eyes, and promised that he would do everything for me that lay in his power, and assured me that he could, at least, save my life. I had but little hope, yet still I knew that Valetty was a far more experienced man, and besides, more learned in the law than I was, and that he would use every exertion to save my life. For two long days I remained in ignorance of what was going on; at last Valetty appeared. "I bring you consolation, though it is a most melancholy one. You will live, and be set at freedom; but you will have to lose your hand." In deep emotion, I thanked my friend for my life. He told me that the Governor had been inexorable, and would not consent to have the matter examined into again; but at last, that he might not seem unjust, had agreed, that if a parallel case could be found in the Florentine annals, my punishment should be the same as the punishment there decreed. His father and himself had labored day and night in examining the old books, and at last had discovered a precisely similar case to my own. The punishment there written, was: His left hand shall be cut off, his property shall be confiscated, and he himself be banished forever. This was the punishment to which I was now condemned: and I must now prepare for the melancholy hour that awaited me. I will not detail you the events of that awful moment, when, in the open market-place, I laid my hand on the block, and I was bathed in my own blood!

Valetty took care of me at his own house until I had recovered from the effects of my mutilation, and then generously provided me with travelling money; for everything I had in the world, all that I had so laboriously earned, had fallen a prey to the iron hand of Justice. From Florence I went to Sicily, and from there, by the first ship that sailed, to Constantinople. My plans of future support had all been laid upon the sum which I had intrusted to my friend, and I begged him to allow me apartments in his house; but how astonished was I, when he asked me why I did not occupy my own mansion. He told me that a stranger had purchased, in my name, a house in the Greek quarter, and the same person had informed the neighbors that I should soon be there myself. I immediately took possession of it with my friend, and was joyfully welcomed by all my old acquaintances. An old merchant gave me a letter, which the stranger who had purchased the house had intrusted to his hands.

I read: "Zulenkos! two hands are now ready to procure you such an independence, that you shall never feel the loss of one. The house that you see and all it contains, are yours; and every year you shall receive such a sum of money that you shall be numbered among the richest of your countrymen. May you forgive him who is still more unhappy than yourself!" I could well imagine who it was that wrote it; especially when the merchant, in answer to my question, informed me that the person from whom he had received it was a Frank, and that he wore a red mantle. I now knew enough to convince me that the unknown was not entirely destitute of every noble sentiment. In my new house, I found a profusion of the most magnificent furniture, and, in addition, a warehouse, stored with far more costly goods than I had ever before possessed. Ten years have passed since then; during which time, more from old habit than because it was necessary, I have continued my mercantile journeys; yet never since have I seen that place where I was rendered miserable for life. From that time I have regularly every year received a thousand pieces of gold—this may serve to render me happy, in the thought that there is still some nobility of sentiment in the unknown,—alas! unhappy being! but the money can never wipe away my sorrow, my deep-felt grief; Bianca, the murdered Bianca, still sleeps sadly by my side.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Continued from Seventh page.]

PITTSBURG.

July 18.—The extreme heat seems to have had a paralytic effect upon amusements of every kind except those of the concert hall order, which flourish as the green bay tree. The theatres are all closed for the summer season; the opera house having been given over to the carpenters, painters, upholsterers and decorators. A complete metamorphosis will take place in this house, and our theatre-goers will imagine themselves in a strange place when it is reopened about the middle of August. The opening attraction will probably be a miniature "Pinafore" party. In my last letter the compositor has made me say that the Standard Theatre Co. will occupy this house about August 1 instead of October 1.

I notice in the RAMBLER a couple of weeks since a statement to the effect that Alice Oates would play next season under the management of Sam Colville. The rumor in this locality is that she will play under management of Sam Jack, the popular manager of the Oil Country Circuit.

Miss Lillian Spencer, daughter of one of our prominent dentists, will adopt the stage next season, and, it is said, has been offered an engagement in the company of the North Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Miss Ida Brown of this city will make her debut in "Fanchon" at Library Hall on August 8.

The pleasantest evening resort in this locality at present is Duquesne Heights (Mount Washington). The view from this point is one that for beauty and grandeur cannot be excelled, if equalled elsewhere. Last evening being the occasion of the weekly entertainment of the German Sing Verein we concluded to go up and enjoy the fresh air and music. Just before dusk we take a street car at the corner of Fifth avenue and Market street and we are in a few minutes carried over the great iron bridge to the foot of Duquesne incline, which in a couple of minutes more hoists to the top of the hill, above the clouds of smoke and dirt, and almost at the gates of Duquesne Garden. As we step out out of the car, we seem to be in a new country and to have taken a new lease of life—the air is so invigorating. Entering we find a large gathering of people intent on pleasure, eating, drinking, lounging or strolling about in evident enjoyment of the occasion, to the delightful accompaniment of a good orchestra. Occasionally we stumble on some happy couple seated in a secluded corner, discussing "the ever new question" and building fairy palaces for the future. May all their sweet dreams be realized!

Leaving this merry throng to enjoy the music and such creature comforts as are afforded by "mine host," we take a stroll southward along the brow of the hill, and making ourself as comfortable as possible on a grassy spot, await the coming of the night. As the daylight fades away and pale Luna and the stars come forth one by one, the scene changes from the sublime to one of awful grandeur. Far below, stretching along the base of the hill, lie the sources of a part of Pittsburgh's great wealth—the furnaces, rolling mills and glass manufactories, with their chimnies belching forth black clouds of smoke and huge tongues of flame, which dance and leap about apparently seeking something more to devour. This section of the city has been aptly characterized as—"Hell, with the lid off." Looking a little beyond we see the picturesque Monongahela winding slowly along on its way to join the Allegheny, glancing and shimmering in the moonlight and dotted all over with myriads of small water craft, with their many colored lights, darting hither and thither like fire-bugs, at the caprice of their merry crews. Occasionally we hear the plaintive melody of some love ditty born to us on the breeze, telling of some romantic party of young men and maidens out for a sail on the waters.

Situated on the north bank of the river is the city proper, with its tall spires and busy marts of commerce; its principle avenues stretching out in long lines of light, which seem to meet in the distance, and at last fade entirely from the view. Above the house-tops looms up the tall tower of the City Hall, the luminous faces of the great clock standing out in bold relief like sentries keeping watch over the multitude below. The view is grand beyond compare, not soon forgotten, and unsusceptible of minute

description; in fact, we are more disposed to sit in dreamy admiration, taking in the scene in its grandeur as an entirety rather than to pay particular attention to individual beauties. We allow the spirit of reverie to take full possession of us, it fills us with a strange delight, wonderfully sweet and rare, and we seem from all the world apart. So we sit in silent musing building, like the lovers, castles in the air.

We are brought back to the realities of life by the sound of the whistle at the incline, warning us that the last car is about to descend. Getting aboard we are soon carried to the base of the hill, where we again take the street cars and in fifteen minutes more are once again amid the dirt and din of the city streets, and our evening's pleasure is a thing of the past. M. J. H.

DAYTON, OHIO.

July 19th.—The amusements notes for this week are as follows:

Memorial Hall.—The stock company gave matinee on Friday, the 18th, to a very good house; on the 19th they gave "Divorced." They have in preparation "London Assurance" and "Colleen Bawn." On the 17th the Mannerchor Vocal Society of Cincinnati, under the direction of Prof. Otto Singer, gave a very pleasant entertainment at this hall on the 17th. The committee have been congratulated frequently on their stock company and especially their manager and stage manager, Messrs. Geo. C. Jordan and Robert G. Wilson. Both gentlemen seem to be the right men in the right place.

At the Theatre Comique the attractions the past week have been Keating and Flynn, Neoskleata, Lillie Leoni, and Dan Lake. This house has been doing a first class business the past two months.

At the Academy of Music the attractions have been Hawley and Armstrong, Bessie De Mont, Jessie Lockwood, and Dick Coleman. This house also has been doing good business.

Gebhart's Opera House has had a statue twelve feet high placed upon its dome, representing the Goddess of Liberty. It improves the looks of the building very much.

Notes.—Adam Sells, of the seven elephant show, was in the city on the 16th on business.

The RAMBLER AND DRAMATIC WEEKLY is a favorite in Dayton.

NORWICH, CONN.

July 19. The New York English Opera Company played Gilbert & Sullivan's great success, "Trial by Jury" and "H. M. S. Pinafore," in Breed Hall this evening to a good house. Their afternoon matinee was also well attended. The performance was good, the troupe being fully up to the standard of any that has yet visited here. Miss Ethel Lynton, who had the leading parts of "Plaintiff" and "Josephine," was obliged to cut several portions of her part owing to severe bronchial troubles. Sidney Smith, as "Sir Joseph" was an unqualified success. The troupe played in New London on Friday night, and were to play in Newport, R. I., on Monday night.

Up in the little town of Langrove in the state of Vermont is located the original Leland hotel, once under the management of the progenitor of what is now universally known as the largest family of hotel proprietors in the world. This hotel has been purchased by Lewis Leland of the Sturtevant House of New York, who is determined that the patriarchal structure, around which clusters so many happy associations, shall be retained by one of the Leland clan. A full half century has resolved itself into the dim shadows of the past since his grandfather as host received guests at its door, and kindly cared for them beneath its hospitable roof. Grandfather Leland and the travelers of those days have long since joined the ranks of the majority, but the rudimentary training received in that old Vermont tavern has developed a race of managers who now keep some of the best and most popular hotels in the United States. Grandfather Leland had also the honor of running the first stage and mail route across the Green Mountains, an enterprise of as much magnitude in those primitive days as the management of a railroad at the present time.

THE TILE CLUB.

After an absence of nearly three weeks, the reckless "Tilers," who dared the curses of "canallers," kicks of stubborn mules and tricky horses, to say nothing of the seductive charms of fresh, country femininity, returned to the city on their boat, the John C. Earl. All the members of the club who participated in this rather novel excursion, say they had an "awful jolly time, you know," and all are determined to repeat the trip another year. And well they may be pleased, for there is nothing will compare with the deliciousness of a siesta on the deck of a canal boat, under an awning. It is under such circumstances that the *dolce far niente* of existence is fully appreciated. The voyage, save for one incident, was three weeks of unalloyed felicity. This contretemps was the visit of the "Horse Marines" of Albany to the club, an organization which one of the members of the club more forcibly than elegantly, though doubtless justly, describes as a club of "bummers." But the "Horse Marines" were not made very welcome, as most of the "Tilers" sought "the seclusion which a cabin grants" and left their visitors in possession of the deck. Then, too, Sarony was captured by a (presumably) pretty girl, the daughter of one of the lock-tenders, and in his efforts "to secure her shadow, ere the substance perished," was left behind, and had to tramp it several hours before catching up with the other members of the party. The "Tilers" made nearly five hundred sketches during the jaunt, among others, a life-size oil study of "Tom," their colored cook, of whose culinary abilities the club speaks in high praise. The following are the names of the members, together with their soubriquets:

Mr. Hopkinson Smith, alias "The Owl."
Mr. Arthur Quartley, alias "Marine."
Mr. J. Alden Weir, alias "Cadmium."
Mr. W. M. Chase, alias "Briareus."
Mr. F. Dielman, alias "Terrapin."
Mr. C. S. Reinhart, alias "Sirius."
Mr. W. R. O'Donovan, alias "The O'Donoghue."
Mr. Knauth, alias "Horsehair."
Mr. W. Mackay Laffan, alias "Polyphemus."
Mr. Baird, alias "Baritone."
Mr. Earl Shinn, alias "The Bone."
Mr. Lewenburg, alias "Catgut."
Mr. Swain Gifford, alias "The Griffin."
Mr. Sarony, alias "Hawk."
Mr. Twatchman was the guest of the excursionists.

MEMORIES OF THE STAGE.

BY WM. L. KEESE.

BURTON'S THEATRE—CHAMBERS STREET.

Twenty-five years ago, where now towers the imposing edifice of the American News Company, delighted audiences were wont to assemble in the inviting dress-circle and cosy parquette of that Temple of Comedy, Burton's Theatre.

Rather down town than otherwise, perhaps, it enjoyed a monopoly of Brooklyn patronage; yet New York knew well the genius of the host of Chambers street, and when the magician waved his wand all yielded to the spell.

The reputation of Mr. Burton's Theatre was in

a measure unique. The manager's extensive repertory and amazing versatility easily furnished an engaging programme, not to mention the admirable company enrolled under his banner, enabling him at will to cast most of the old comedies, so called, with entire adequacy. I need but to name a few of his dramatic staff to prove its strength beyond all cavil.

There was Henry Placide, that superb artist, then in the fullness of his great powers—now, alas, no more. He was Mr. Burton's "old man" *par excellence*. There was the late Wm. Rufus Blake, similar in line to Placide, and yet different; still his peer, and whose *Old Dornton* and Mr. *Primrose* can be recollected by theatre-goers of a past generation as among their most delightful recollections.

There was Mr. Lester, with whom time has dealt so gently that even now as Lester Wallack he stands as incomparably our first light comedian.

There was T. B. Johnston, an eccentric comedian without a peer, whose creation of *Uriah Heep* was the town talk; and it ought to be a lasting regret that the author of *Copperfield* could not have witnessed the wondrous conception.

Of ladies, there was Mrs. Hughes, one of the most capital actresses of her time; there was Caroline Chapman, whose *Susan Nipper* was a companion picture to Johnston's *Uriah Heep*; and many others, of whom more anon.

These were but a few of the galaxy of stars that shone nightly in Chambers street. Add to them Mr. Burton himself, and the climax seems to be reached.

No other theatre at that time was equal to the presentation of sterling comedy. Mitchell's Olympic was of the past; Forrest thundered at the Broadway; Wallack's and Daly's were yet to be.

It is to record in simple form some memories of nights at Burton's, and particularly of the great actor himself, that the articles, of which the present is preparatory, will be written. A new crop of actors and audiences has appeared, and the drama has taken a new departure since the palmy days of the Chambers Street Theatre.

But it will be a long, long day before the actor shall arise who will compel us to recall the triumphs of William E. Burton, for the sake of comparison.

"AGAIN, IT IS THE CAT."

Several weeks advertising in the *Herald* has at last resulted in securing for John DeBoney a partner with money, and the interior towns are to be startled, or starved, by the usual "accomplished" company that follows this gentleman's lead.

The "secured" partner, Edward Furguson—an outsider of course—will occupy the position of treasurer, and naturally feels safe.

Heralded by the most gorgeous posters, and under the name of the St. James Combination, the party took the road last Monday, playing the "Lady of Lyons" at Fish-kill that evening.

Prof. Holden says a great many writers use a vocabulary of 30,000 words, and the average among good writers will fall very little below that. That may be true, but when a man tries to raise a window in a hurry, and catches his thumb between the sash and the fly screen, he doesn't use more than a half dozen words, but they are worth 30,000 on ordinary occasions.

When a man gets tanned by the sun, does not his face wear an orb-burn hue?

OUR SUMMER GARDENS.

In the matter of summer amusements New York is well provided for. A lover of fresh air and good music who could not be suited with either the Madison Square Garden (4th. avenue and 26th street), or Koster and Bial's Garden (23d street near 6th avenue), and especially with both, would be indeed hard to suit. Each resort differs from the other, and each has its peculiar advantages.. The Madison Square Garden is laid out on the larger scale; its adornments are more ornate; it has a waterfall, and cosy retired bowers where Cupid can nestle unperceived by the throng. Koster and Bial's has an out-door space, where you feel the night breezes, and see the stars above you; there are stringed instruments in the orchestra, and there is a greater variety of foreign beers. The audiences also differ; at Koster and Bial's you see more foreigners, and more Bohemians; at the Madison Square Garden the audiences are more distinctly American, and seem more intent upon hearing vocal music and scientific manipulation of the Piano.

Let us remark here that Rosa McGeachy, soprano, and Signor Rosnati, tenor, are maintaining their excellent reputations in the somewhat trying acoustic surroundings of the Madison Square Garden. It requires voices of immense timbre to fill four acres of space, yet this is the problem proposed to them. Signor Rosnati reminds us of Mazzolini in his best days, a true *tenore robusto*, yet clear and silvery and sweet. His execution of the superb aria in *Masaniello*, on Sunday night, has never been excelled in this city.

No citizen will miss it if he "takes in" one garden three nights in the week and the other one four nights. It would be better if, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, he could be in the two places at once; but that is out of the question, until Edison invents some plan for its accomplishment.

THE GRAVEL MINES.—Since 1874, washing gravel for gold has become a profitable business in many of the counties of California. The amount of gold taken out depends much upon the water supply, which often requires large capital to construct ditches of great length, but when completed and brought out to the placers, the profits are certain and lasting. This particular class of mining is growing in favor in California and among investors everywhere, and is considered a safer investment than where immense outlays are required to ascertain whether a vein mine exists or not.

A good bed of gravel with water sufficient to run constantly one or two hydraulics cannot fail of paying dividends upon any reasonable investment. The expense is so small compared with other classes of mining, the returns sure and the proceeds easily converted into money everywhere makes hydraulic mining especially a desirable business.

The production of ore of the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Company since June 1, and also since the organization of the present company, has been largely increased.

In Raymond's Reports for 1874, page 156, the McGillivray gold gravel mine is described as now being extensively and profitably worked. He says: "The water here is mostly obtained from Canon creek, a large stream flowing into the Trinity from the North. On reaching the river it is conducted across through a massive iron pipe resting on wire cables. The ditch constitutes a part of the property, which is a very valuable one, having for many years returned the owners large net profits." Again, in his reports of 1875, page 170, he says: "The clean up of the present season is estimated at \$75,000, two-thirds of it net profits, and this production could without any great expenditure, be nearly doubled." Trinity county is one of the best of the gold producing counties of California, having already yielded about eighty millions of dollars, and her extensive rich placers, capable of unlimited production, are only commencing to be worked.

According to Goldsmith and Voltaire, the principal use of speech is to conceal human thought. Upon this theory a man would need a two-story slate and pencil to figure up the mental pearls in the head of the average woman,

OUR CARD COLUMN.

HOW TO PLAY POKER.

[Continued from Number 23.]

A player who as first or second, or third, to the left of the dealer, opens on a single pair of Jacks or Queens, has an inferior chance of winning, if the majority of the other players come in, as they are almost certain to do; because at any time before the option reaches the dealer the entrance of one dealer brings on the entrance of another. So much money is on the table that everybody wants a share in the scheme, and even cautious players often come in on Deuces, Splits, Straights and monkey Flushes. Where five or six players are drawing, and where bluffing ceases to be an important element, the chance of the original element, that is, the chance of the original Jacks is indeed a small one.

If a Jack Pot has been opened by a player near the right of the dealer, and you are next to him on his left, it is often a good plan to raise him, even on a weak hand. Nearly all the other players have passed, and they will not come in after your raise, so you are nearly certain to have the opening player as your only opponent, and the chances are even that he will drop. If he stands your raise he must trust to the draw, or stand Pat; and you have the satisfaction of the last bet. This is far better than coming in and contributing to the Pot on a weak hand, and playing it weakly; as the latter course can hardly ever win, and the former plan will win nearly once in twice.

Jack Pots, not being legitimate Poker, are extremely baffling to all calculations. You may, however, accept these propositions without much argument and act upon them.

1st. They are usually opened too near the left of the dealer, and on insufficient hands to warrant the opening. (Not that they fall below the regulations, but that they are not intrinsically good enough to justify the unknown risks ahead).

2d. When opened on the immediate left of the dealer, they are usually opened for too much money.

3d. The right hand of the dealer, or the dealer himself opens with the limit bet on a weak hand, and with a coaxing bet on a strong hand.

4th. If all the players avail of the theory of percentages it has no special value for any. For instance: given a Jack Pot of \$30, opened for \$5, and four players coming in, if you are a fifth player and hold a split or any other frivolous hand, the theory of percentage does you little good. The more money the weak hand puts down in such lotteries the less it takes up.

5th. Jack Pots are, *par excellence*, to be declined except on strong hands, being nearly equivalent to playing face up, the best cards winning.

VII.

The "unlimited" game of Draw-Poker is really never played, because the means of all men are limited. But certain players who are in the habit of making large bets, call their game unlimited, because no limits are imposed, and hence it has become a custom to style their game "unlimited."

To play this game well requires a good deal of money for very obvious reasons, one of which is that no credit is given. Straights are rarely played in this game, and in most respects it relegates the players back to the early days of Poker, when the element of the amusement was bluff, and all that was not bluff was money.

Unlimited Poker, however, has admirable points. It abounds in the strongest correctives to avarice; and a quiet player in possession of a really good hand is sometimes able to administer a most wholesome lesson to a presuming opponent. And in general it is played softly, the bets being usually within one hundred dollars.

The regulations of unlimited Draw-Poker are the same as the limited game, except that as a matter of custom Straights and Jack Pots are generally not used, and a player is not entitled to call for what money he has about him, if it fails to reach the amount of his opponent's bet. The reason of this latter rule is obvious. If A and B agree to play the unlimited game, neither party has a right to expect forbearance on a very limited capital. It being granted that A has \$25,000, B must not expect to

cope with him on a capital of \$250; and when A bets \$5,000, B must not be allowed to gratify his curiosity, or to subject A to a chance of defeat by depositing his paltry \$250 on the table. By admitted rule, B has twenty-four hours to get the money to see or raise any bet, and in the meantime, the cards are to be sealed up and lodged in hands that are satisfactory to both or all the players.

Unlimited Poker is not to be played in a scientific manner, nor by the generality of players. It exists in an atmosphere of its own, and taken for all in all, is a dangerous and deadly game. Any slight derangement of the mental faculties, such as is caused by a moderate degree of alcoholic intoxication, or by the depression of ill luck, may, and often does, lead to self-destructive play. Such disasters, too, usually overtake men of impulsive and amiable natures, who are precisely the ones that society should try to shield from temptations of this nature.

The largest authentic winning that I can place on record as resulting from one hand at unlimited Poker, is \$55,000. This was won by a large four of a kind, over a smaller four of a kind, after the early retirement of a Full Hand. And I need say nothing more about a style of play which is so far beyond the means of the average of American gentlemen.

VIII.

The Laws of Draw-Poker, as recognized and acted on in the United States, will be found in the latter part of this volume; and in order not to mingle with them the *dicta* of any private individual, the code as alleged to have been laid down by Hon. Robert C. Schenck, while in England is here inserted. This code is published as a matter of interest to the general reader, and must not be taken as admitted law; although as a matter of fact no body of Poker rules was ever drawn up by a single individual with more precision or fewer errors.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF GEN. SCHENCK TO GEN. THOMAS L. YOUNG, OF CINCINNATI.

In the Summer of 1872, while visiting with others at a country house in Somersetshire, the guests as is usual in English society, amused themselves in the evening with games at cards; and, as is also usual, the stakes were for pennies and sixpences. They were anxious to learn the American game of Poker, of which they had heard, and of which some of them already knew a little. I showed them how it was played. When I was coming away the lady of the house requested me as a favor to herself and other friends who found it attractive and amusing, to write down some of the rules of the game, as it is so generally played in America. I complied with her request as well as I could at the very morning of my leaving her hospitable house, and thought little more of my act of politeness until she surprised me by sending me some copies of these rules, which a gentleman, another visitor had had printed for her, and for their own private use and circulation on his own private printing-press. It was very prettily done. It was intended as a compliment, and I am very sure that nobody can be more amazed or more annoyed than my friend, Lady W., and her family and guests, to find that they have thus unwittingly brought down on me the wrath and reprehension of so many good people in America.

RULES FOR PLAYING POKER.

BY THE HON. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA NEAR HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The deal is of no special value, and anybody may begin.

The dealer, beginning with the person at his left, throws around five cards to each player, giving one card at a time.

The dealer shuffles and makes up the pack himself, or it may be done by the player at his left, and the player at his right must cut.

To begin the pool, the players next to the dealer on his left, must put up money, which is called an "Ante," and then in succession, each player, passing around to the left, must, after looking at his hand, determine if he goes in or not; and each person deciding to play for the pool must put in twice the amount of the ante. Those who decline

to play throw up their cards, face downward, on the table, and per consequence, in front of the next dealer.

When all who wish to play have gone in, the person putting up the ante can either give up all interest in the pool, thus forfeiting the ante which has been put up, or else can play like the others who have gone in, by "making good," that is, putting up in addition to the ante as much more as will make him equal in stake to the rest.

If a number of players have gone in, it is best generally for the ante-man to make good and go in even with a poor hand, because half his stake is already up, and he can therefore stay in for half as much as the others have had to put up, which is a percentage in favor of his taking the risk. This, of course, does not apply if any one has "raised," that is more than doubled the ante before it comes around to the starting point.

Any one at the time of going in must put up as much more as double the ante, and may put up as much more as he pleases by way of "raising" the ante, in which case every other player must put up as much as will make his stake equal to such increase, or else abandon what he has already put in.

Each player as he makes good and equals the others who are in before him, can thus increase the ante if he chooses, compelling the others still to come up to that increase or to abandon their share in the pool.

All "going in" or "raising" of the pool, as well as all betting afterward, must be in regular order, going round by the left; no one going in, making good, or increasing the ante, or betting, except in turn.

When all are in equally who intend to play, each player in turn will have the privilege of drawing; that is, of throwing away any number of his five cards and drawing as many others, to try thus to better his hand. The cards thus thrown up must be placed face downward on the table, and, for convenience, in front of or near the next dealer.

The dealer, passing around to the left, will ask each player in turn how many cards he will have, and deal him the number asked for from the top of the pack without their being seen. The dealer, if he has gone in to play for the pool, will, in like manner, help himself last.

The players must throw away their discarded cards before taking up or looking at those which they draw.

In the game every player is for himself and against all others, and to that end will not let any of his cards be seen, nor betray the value of his hand by drawing or playing out of his turn, or by change of countenance, or any other sign. It is a great object to mystify your adversaries up to the "call," when hands have to be shown. To this end it is permitted to chaff or talk nonsense, with a view of misleading your adversaries as to the value of your hand, but this must be without unreasonably delaying the game.

When the drawing is all complete, the betting goes around in order, like the drawing, to the left. The ante man is the first to bet unless he has declined to play, and in that case the first to bet is the player nearest to the dealer on his left. But the player entitled to bet first may withhold his bet until the others have bet round to him, which is called "holding the age," and this being an advantage, should as a general rule be practiced.

Each better in turn must put into the pool a sum equal at least to the first bet made; but each may in turn increase the bet or raise it as it comes to him; in which case the bets proceeding around in order, must be made by each player in his turn equal to the highest amount put in by any one, or else failing to do that, the party who fails must go out of the play forfeiting his interest in the pool.

When a player puts in only as much as has been put in by each player who has preceded him, that is called "seeing" the bet.

When a player puts in that much, and raises it, that is called seeing the bet and "going better."

When the bet goes around to the last better or player who remains in, if he does not wish to see and go better, he simply sees and "calls," and then all playing must show their hands and the highest hand wins the pool.

When any one declines to see the bet, or the increase of bet, which has been made, he "lays down" his hand, that is, throws it up with the cards face downward on the table. If all the other players throw down their hands the one who remains in to the last wins, and takes the pool without showing his hand.

[To be continued.]

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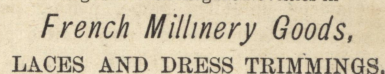
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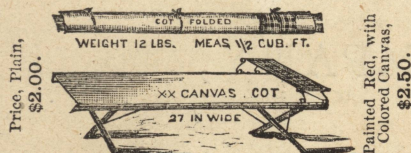
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